UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS

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UNITY

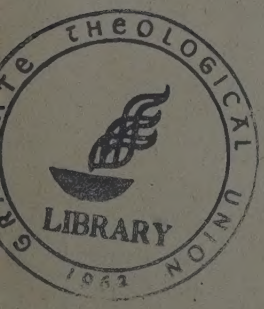
HYMNS AND CHORALS

FOR

THE CONGREGATION AND THE HOME.

EDITED BY

W. C. GANNETT, J. V. BLAKE, F. L. HOSMER.



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PREFACE.

THE HYMNS.

We have tried to give in our little hymn book two hundred and fifty hymns likely to be loved by congregations whose simple feeling in religious service is that of children seeking the Father. Most of the recent hymn-books for church-use contain nearly a thousand hymns, one-fourth of which probably receives three-fourths of the actual use. The limitation to the small number makes possible so low a price that even young or small societies can afford a full supply of the books: and without the full supply,—a book, at least, to every two persons,—"congregational singing" can hardly be successful. So many of these hymns will be found fresh to all collections that we hope our little work may do some service, also, as a cheap *supplement* to older books too dear and useful to be given up.

Some hymns in the collection (like 47) may be thought too tender, too delicate, too private, for use in the miscellaneous congregation: then let us sing those at home,—the book is "for the Congregation and the *Home*;" but we like to think of the Sunday hour as an hour of "family-worship." Some (like 31) may be thought beautiful in themselves, but not to flow easily to music: we think so, too, but forgive that fault in each case for the special beauty's sake,—in no case having passed the line, we trust, of practicable use. Some (like 188) may be called "songs" rather than "hymns"; or (like 55) may, perhaps, be thought to "preach" or to "teach" rather than to "sing" at all: we half assent, but claim that one function of a congregational hymn is to sink great thoughts from the mind into the heart. One of our tests has, therefore, been the *sermon-test*,—does a hymn echo grandly to some frequent and impressive sermon-thought? For a similar reason we offer a "Creed" (228) to be sung, believing that song may carry convictions deeper and farther than the catechism.

Many of the hymns will be found altered from the originals; in most cases slightly, in but a word or line; yet not a few are largely altered. If the alteration, whether made by previous collectors or by ourselves, amounts to more than two or three words, the author's name is printed *in italics* to indicate the fact,—save where we have his permission for the change. If freedom to change hymns in this way be questioned, we can but beg, "Allow it, friendly author, for the widened service which your heart's song thereby secures. Rejoice that you have sung a song in which, *with* alteration, you can help other hearts to rise toward God." To all friends, known and unknown, consulted or unconsulted, from whom we have ventured thus to borrow work, we give warm thanks.

THE HYMN-TUNES.

The tunes to which we recommend the hymns to be sung are designated in italics on the title-lines of the hymns, and the page of the tune is added. We suggest these settings, not to forestall the taste of others, but to help congregations without choir-leaders, and choirs when obliged to sing with little time to make their own selections. The cut page enables a few noble tunes to serve conveniently many hymns, and secures to every hymn the range of all the music in the book to find its best adaptations. The principles followed in the selection of the music have been (1) to have, within our narrow limits, as many as possible of the old, familiar, dear tunes, and these the best of them: (2) to give new and special tunes for the hymns which require them either by metre or sentiment; and to have these new tunes simple, grand, worthy to last, and easy for congregational use: (3) to suggest two settings as alternates when both seem appropriate, especially using the new music in this way so as to help it to become familiar.

This new music is new only to us, either as not familiar, or as now offered for the first time in a collection of English psalmody. But it is, for the most part, very old,

and is entirely from German, Latin or English sources. We think it includes noble chorals which will be welcomed and loved. If the proportion of new tunes seem large, this was necessitated by the somewhat peculiar character of the collection of hymns; but we hope that few of the greatest and dearest of the old tunes will be missed.

In the new music the harmony has required much attention, and for this we are under great obligation to the kind, skilful and learned aid of Prof. Rich. J. Wilmot of Quincy, Ills.

CHORALS AND ANTHEMS FOR THE CONGREGATION.

One chief hope with us has been to offer aid in enriching the somewhat bare form of the usual congregational worship in churches not liturgical. For this purpose a few elements of choral and responsive service will be found at the end of the book, which may be combined variously according to the customs, feelings or circumstances of a congregation. The three following forms may serve as suggestions:

(1)	(2)	(3)
1. Organ Voluntary.	1. Organ Voluntary.	1. Organ Voluntary.
2. Old Hundred, or other Choral.	2. Choral by Congregation.	2. Choral, or Choral Responses, by Congregation.
3. Prayer.	3. Psalm, or Responsive Service.	3. Hymn.
4. Trisagion, or other Choral, or Anthem.	4. Hymn.	4. Prayer, closing with "Our Father" chanted by Choir.
5. Reading.	5. Prayer, followed by Organ.	5. Readings.
6. Anthem by Choir.	6. Readings.	6. Hymn or Choral by Congregation.
7. Hymn.	7. Anthem by Choir, or Hymn.	7. Sermon.
8. Sermon.	8. Sermon.	8. Anthem by Choir.
9. Hymn.	9. Hymn, closing with choral strain.	9. Hymn.
10. Benediction.	10. Benediction, with choral Amen.	10. Benediction,-choral Amen.

Of course, our congregations need *training* in the use of such choral elements; and success is not the work of a Sunday or a month. Within a year it may be hoped for, if the people are in earnest; and an increasing love for the service will be the almost sure encouragement. Five things will help greatly toward this result: (1) A Choir, at first to teach, and afterwards to lead and guide, the congregation,—a Choir inspired with the feeling that no anthem they can sing will so enrich the service, will be so glorious a deed for them, as Choir, to do, as the waking of a people's voices to utter nobly their own worship. (2) An interested Organist, sensitive enough to know that each verse in a hymn may need its own interpretation on the organ. (3) A number of heartily interested singers in the congregation. All depend on these; the others are to *catch* from them, and hide themselves, at first, in them. The older children, here, can greatly help. (4) A few conscientious rehearsals by such singers with the Choir. (5) A family-feeling pervading the congregation,—which itself is likely to be deepened by singing thus together in Sunday worship.

There should be no haste to attain variety in the use of these choral parts. Only repetition will secure good singing from a congregation. Let the hymns give the variety, and the choral strains give, rather, the uniformity equally desirable. Simple, noble music alone can bear the test, but such grows dear with association; and the dearest parts of a religious service are usually those around which associations have begun to cluster. We venture specially to urge the congregational *beginning* of the service,—the very first sound, after the organ-prelude, being the voice of the people praising God together. And the aim should be for the people to recognise by the *organ-touch*, without other announcement, which one out of the several selections is to be sung by them. Thus, too, at the other choral moments of the service. Let the first three months' experiment be with a single strain or two, perhaps "Old Hundred," till it becomes familiar: then gradually add others. By the year's end a rich and flexible service will probably be within the power of the congregation,—a new joy, because a new beauty, for the Sunday.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Adams, Mrs. S. F.....3, 29
Alford, H.....151
Andrews, Jane.....242
Appleton, T. P.....2
Arnold, Matthew.....55, 120
Austin, J.....172, 200
Bailey.....124
Barbauld, Mrs. A. L.....94, 229
Beach, S. C.....207
Blackie, J. S.....250
Blake, J. V...12, 46, (Tr.) 153, 154, 209, 230, 231, 246
Bonar, H.....26, 91, 172
Bowring, J.....115, 135, 178
Breviary, The.....224
Brooks, C. T.....11
Bryant, W. C.....73
Bullfinch,.....69
Burleigh, W. H.....147
Chadwick, J. W...19, 25, 57, 75, 160, 163, 234, 237, 238
Chamber's Journal,.....35
Cheney, Mrs. E. D.....84
Clarke, J. F.....7, 51, 80
Cobbe, Frances Power.....148
Coleridge, S. T.....46, 88
Conder, J.....122
Cowper,.....121, 127
"Dial," The.....226
Doddridge,.....128
Dorr, Julia C. R.....217
Elliott, Charlotte.....48
Emerson, R. W.....74
Evans, A. E.....189
Faber, F. W...71, 72, 142, 166, 184, 185, 194
Fletcher, Miss.....87
Franck,.....218
Frothingham, N. L.....20
Frothingham, O. B.....70
Furness, W. H.....1, 6, 33, 39, 49
Gannett, W. C.....13, 161, 204, 212, 216
Gerhardt, P. Tr.....15, 17, 126
Gill, T. H.....191, 222
Good Words,.....228
Greg, S.....150
Guyon, Madame.....195
Hall, Mrs. L. J.....149, 156, 164, 197
Havergal, Frances R.....53
Heber, R.....252
Hedge, F. H.....146
Herbert, George.....82
Higginson, T. W.....76
Hosmer, F. L.....97, 103, 167, 168, 179, 220
Hurlbut, W. H.....54, 141
Hymns of the Spirit,.....244
Jex-Blake, T. W.....180
Johnson, S...64, 67, 140, 144, 210, 211, 214
Keble, J.....23, 79, 203
King Robert of France, Tr.....10
Laighton, Albert.....198, 235
Larned, Augusta.....177
Longfellow, H. W.....63, 159, 240
Longfellow, S...8, 18, 27, 38, 40, 47, 92, 132, 206, 215, 218, 221, 232, 236
Lowell, J. R.....68
Lyte, H. F.....190
MacDonald, George.....102
Mason, Mrs. C. A.....84, 113
Meigs, Mrs. W. M.....239
Montgomery, J.....136, 170, 294
Moravian,.....138
Newell, W.....99
Newman, J. H.....110, 145
Newton, J.....28
Norton, A.....143
Packard,.....37
Palgrave, F. T.....50, 104, 106
Pierpont, J.....245
Procter, Adelaide A.....78, 181
Putnam, S. P.....56
Rands, W. B.....44, 58, 201
Robbins, C.....42
Scudder, Eliza.....81, 100, 101, 133, 155
Seagrave, R.....4
Sears, E. H.....241
Sill, E. R.....223
Smith, S. T.....243
Steele, Anne.....116
Sterling, J.....59
Stowe, H. B.....32, 176
Sutton, H. G.....31
Taylor, Emily.....21
Taylor, John.....83
Tennyson,.....60, 107
Tersteegen, (J. Wesley, Tr.).....5, 30
Trench, R. C.....89
Waring, Anna L...43, 77, 86, 130, 131, 173, 174, 182, 186, 187

Wasson, D. A. 183, 193
Watts, J. 111, 125, 247, 253
Wesley, C. 14, 16, 24, 52, 114, 139, 225
Wesleyan, ... 9
Whittier, J. G. 65, 66, 85, 90, 95, 96, 98, 105, 108, 109, 134, 152, 157, 158, 162, 196, 199, 213, 219, 227, 233.
Williams, Helen M. 117

INDEX OF TUNES.

Abdiel, (8 l.) ..... 51—212
America, ... 55—243, 244, 245
Amsterdam, (8 l.) ..... 52—4, 24, 114
Arlington, 19—49, 71, 72, 81, 89, 92, 108, 111, 117, 127, 129, 133, 185, 192, 220
Autumn, ... (8 l.) 43—14, 17, 22, 63, 159, 161
Azmon, 20—49, 155, 175, 202, 224, 230, 237
Balerma, 21—45, 88, 103, 112, 117, 134, 165, 175, 186, 199, 273
Benneson, 44—29, 42, 61, 62, 63, 67, 68, 115, 153, 172, 180
Bethany, ... 56—3
Boylston, ... 32—9, 23, 64, 119, 128, 170
Channing, ... 5—819, 56, 80, 231, 248
Conant, ... 36—43, 44, 46, 93, 106, 137, 182
Creation, (8 l.) ..... 8—18
Credo, (8 l.) ..... 45—228
Dundee, 22—35, 41, 71, 72, 81, 103, 111, 179, 196, 203, 251
Ellacombe, (8 l.) ..... 53—150, 165
Ezra, (8 l.) ..... 9—18, 201
Federal St., ... 10—21, 58
Germany, ... 11—120, 156, 177, 197, 213, 221
Greenville, (8 l.) ..... 46—16, 190
Hamburg, ... 12—162, 173, 207, 219
Harvest, ... 63—234
Hebron 13—20, 34, 59, 60, 90, 164, 193, 236
Holley ..... 37—39, 43
Hummell, ... 23—35, 191, 214, 215
Italian Hymn, ... 57—10, 11, 99
Jerome, ... 65—48, 109, 135
Joy, (8 l.) ..... 66—65, 124
Laban, 33—30, 64, 123, 126, 128, 169, 171, 195, 223
Lloyd, (8 l.) 24—87, 160, 163, 204, 232, 241
Logan, ... 25—96, 97, 142, 147, 196
Mann, 14—20, 21, 34, 58, 60, 78, 149, 193, 240
Manoah, ... 26—41, 112, 145, 152 157, 199
Marlow, ... 27—6, 102, 166, 225
Melton, ... 59—31, 101, 198
Milton, (6 l.) ..... 15—5, 55, 118, 138, 139, 201
Missionary Chant, 16—40, 70, 73, 79, 91, 105, 144, 158, 206
Mornington, ... 34—26, 30, 52, 54, 82, 84
Naomi, ... 28—6, 113, 116, 146, 168
Nicæa, ... 67—12, 252
Noyes 38—2, 8, 15, 25, 28, 33, 44, 46, 47, 51, 53, 57, 122, 174, 210, 211, 217, 226, 229
Nuremburg, 39—1, 15, 25, 28, 33, 44, 46, 47, 51, 53, 76, 85, 93, 94, 106, 200, 217, 229 238, 249
Old Hundred, ... 17—253
Old 132, (8 l.) ..... 29—13, 95, 179, 242
Olmutz, ... 35—50
Palestine, (6 l.) ..... 68—188, 189
Parker, ... 69—110
Paul, ... 70—36, 148
Pilgrims, ... 61—32, 100, 140, 141
Pisgah, ... 47—184
Pleyel's Hymn, 40—2, 8, 28, 57, 75, 83, 174, 182, 210, 211
Portuguese Hymn, ... 60—136
Russian Hymn, (6 l.) ..... 71—154
Sicily, ... 48—27, 29, 222, 250
Simeon (6 l.) ..... 30—37, 77, 86, 130, 131
St. Agnes 31—108, 133, 155, 167, 185, 186, 187, 194, 216, 227, 235
Stephanos, ... 72—151, 181
Stockwell, 49—42, 61, 62, 63, 67, 78, 115, 153, 180
Telemann's Chant ..... 41—69, 74
Union, (8 l.) ..... 73—246
Vesper, (8 l.) ..... 50—27, 38, 159, 161, 239
Ward, 18—66, 107, 125, 162, 218, 233, 247
Ware, (8 l.) ..... 42—178, 205, 209
Webb, (8 l.) ..... 54—121, 150, 165, 208
Whittier, ... 62—7, 32, 14, 176

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

I. ASPIRATION. *Hymns.*

1. Rise, my soul!.....1-7
2. Come, almighty to deliver!.....8-15
3. In Church,—the Meeting, ...16-26
4. In Church,—the Parting, ...27-30
5. Morning,.....31-35
6. Evening,.....36-46

II. DUTY.

1. Penitence,.....47-51
2. Consecration, ...52-61
3. Heroic Service,.....62-76
4. Lowly Service, ...77-82
5. Brotherliness,.....83-91
6. Jesus and his Kindred, ...92-99

III. TRUST. *Hymns.*

1. In Mystery,.....100-110
2. In Daily Needs, ...111-123
3. In Trial, ...124-139
4. In Suffering, ...140-148
5. In Death,.....149-162

IV. BLESSEDNESS.

1. Communion, ...163-172
2. Peace, ...173-177
3. Thankfulness. 178-182
4. Joy,.....183-197

V. THE ONE IN ALL.

1. Life of Nature,—World, Soul, 198-210
2. Life of Ages,—Past, Future, 211-228

VI. FESTIVALS. ..... 229-246.

VII. PRAISE......247-253.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A living, loving, lasting word 188
All around us, fair with flowers..... 62
All as God wills! who wisely heeds 134
All before us lies the way 226
All hail, God's angel, Truth! 99
All ye nations, praise the Lord 249
Angels holy, high and lowly 250
Another hand is beckoning us..... 157
Another year of setting suns 237
Around my path life's mysteries..... 150
As darker, darker, fall around 41
Ask and receive,—'tis sweetly said 183
At first I prayed for Light..... 84
Awake, our souls! away, our fears. 125

Backward looking o'er the past..... 238
Beneath the shadow of the cross 92
Beneath thine hammer, Lord, I lie 146
Blest are the pure in heart..... 23
Blest be thy love, dear Lord 171
Brother, hast thou wandered far 51

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine..... 120
Can I see another's woe 137
City of God, how broad and far 214
Clear in memory's silent reaches 161
Come, brothers, let us go 30
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice 94

Day by day the manna fell..... 122
Earth, with her ten thousand flowers..... 205
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round..... 19
Every day hath toil and trouble... 124

Faint not along thine earthly road..... 191
Fair are the feet that bring the news 202
Father, give thy benediction..... 27
Father, hear the prayer we offer 61
Father, I know that all my life 77
Father in heaven! to whom my heart..... 6
Father, in memory's fondest place 145
Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling. 140
Father, now our prayer is said..... 44
Father of world and soul..... 11
Father Omnipotent! joyful and thankful..... 154
Father Supreme! Thou high and holy One..... 36
Father, thou art calling, calling to us plainly . 12
Father, thy paternal care..... 178
Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling. 7
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 116
Firm, in the maddening maze of things 108
For a season called to part..... 28
Forever with the Lord..... 170
From all that dwell below the skies..... 253
From heart to heart, from creed to creed... . 216

Give me, my God, to feel thee in my joy,..... 80
Give, O earth, a hero's grave 75
Give to the winds thy fears..... 126
God bless our native land..... 244
God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn. 148
God giveth quietness at last..... 158
God is in his holy temple..... 22
God is Love: his mercy brightens..... 115
God moves in a mysterious way 127
God of the earnest heart..... 64
God of the earth, the sky, the sea..... 206
Gone are the great and good..... 245
Go not far from me, O my God..... 130

Hark, my soul, how every thing..... 200
Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises..... 65
He always wins who sides with God..... 72
He cometh not a king to reign 95
He hides within the lily 212
Heir of all the ages, I..... 217
He liveth long who liveth well..... 91
Help me, my God, to speak..... 26
He prayeth well who loveth well..... 88
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty..... 252
Holy Spirit, Source of Gladness..... 17
Holy Spirit, Truth divine..... 8
Honored they who firmly stand..... 69
How gentle God's commands..... 128
How shalt thou bear the cross that now. 142

I believe in Human Kindness..... 228

I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent....144
I cannot find thee! still on restless pinion....100
I cannot walk in darkness long....113
I have a heritage of joy....187
I heard the bells on Christmas Day....240
I hear it often in the dark....13
I know not if or dark or bright....151
I long for household voices gone....152
I look to thee in every need....132
Immortal by their deed and word....97
Immortal Love, forever full....227
In quiet hours the tranquil soul....177
In thee, my powers, my treasures live....8
In the morning I will pray....33
In thine own being, thine....104
I saw the beauty of the world....201
I travel all the irksome night....192
It singeth low in every heart....160
I worship thee, dear Will of God....194
I would my work were better done....156

Just as I am,—without one plea....48
Know, my soul, thy full salvation....190

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom 110
Life of Ages, richly poured....210
Life of Ages, richly poured....211
Long, long ago, in manger low....242
Look up, look up, my soul, still higher....189
Lo! on the morn that now is here....224
Lord, a happy child of thine....43
Lord, we thank thee for the pleasure....180
Lord, what offering shall we bring....83
Lo! the day of rest declineth....42
Love Divine, all love excelling....14
Love for all! and can it be....47
Lo! we stand before thee now....25

Make channels for the streams of love....89
Mid the lurking fears that start....106
My child is lying on my knees....102
My country, 'tis of thee....243
My God, I rather look to thee....155
My God, I thank thee; may no thought....143
My God, I thank thee, who hast made....181
My God, my Strength, my Hope....52
My heart is resting, O my God....186
Mysterious Presence, Source of all....207
My times are in thy hand....123

Naught have I else to do....195
Nearer, my God, to thee....3
Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old....149
New words to speak, new thoughts to hear....35
No longer forward or behind....196
None loves me, Father, with thy love....118
Not so in haste, my heart....119
Now, hushing every adverse sound....173
Now is the seed-time: God alone....90
Now, on land and sea descending....38
No words of labored prayer I know....164
Now sing we a song for the Harvest....234
Now the joyful Christmas morning....239

O, blest is he to whom is given....71
O, come and dwell in me....9
O, could we learn true sacrifice....79
O, draw me, Father, after thee....138
O Eternal Life, whose power....209
O Father, though the anxious fear....21
O Freedom! on the bitter blast....66
Oft have I walked the woodland paths....235
O God, I thank thee for each sight....34
O God, my all in all thou art....139
O God, our help in ages past....111
O God, thy power is wonderful....185
O God, we praise thee and confess....251
O God, whose presence glows in all....20
O Life, that makest all things new....18
O Love Divine, of all that is....163
O Love Divine, whose constant beam....215
O Love! O Life! our faith and sight....96
O Name, all other names above....168
Once more the liberal year laughs out....233
Once to every man and nation....68
One by one the sands are flowing....78
One gift, my God, I seek....169
One holy Church of God appears....215
One Lord there is, all lords above....58
One low grave, yon trees beneath....76
O, nerve thy spirit to the proof....73
One thought I have, my ample creed....167
Only to living faith....54
Onward, onward, though the region....67
Open, Lord, my inward ear....24
O, richly, Father, have I been....49
O Shadow in a sultry land....37
O, sometimes comes to soul and sense....105
O, sometimes gleams upon our sight....219
O Source Divine, and Life of all....59
O thou almighty Will....10
O thou, in all thy might so far....103
O thou Lord of heaven above....174
O thou who art of all that is....179
Our spirits lay their noblest powers....70
Out of the dark, the circling sphere....218
O word divine, like healing balms....147
O, yet we trust that somehow good....107

Part in peace! is day before us....29
Peace be to this congregation....!....16
Praise to God, immortal praise....229

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings....4

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand....114
Send down thy truth, O God....223
Set free from present sorrow....121
Shall things withered, fashions olden....222
Slowly, by God's hand unfurled....39
Soul, struggle on! Within the darkest night....56
Stainless soldier on the walls....74
Standing on the shore at morning....153
Still, still with thee, when purple morning....32
Still through the cloven skies they come....241
Strong Son of God, Immortal Love....60
Sweetest Joy the soul can know....15
Sweet is the solace of thy love....131

Take my life, and let it be....53
Teach me, my God and King....82
Tell me not in mournful numbers....63
Tender mercies, on my way....182

The harp at Nature's advent strung.... 199
The heavens thy praise are telling.....208
The homeless winds that wander o'er the land.198
The Lord is in his Holy Place..... 204
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know.136
The old, old story! yet I kneel..... 45
There is an Eye that never sleeps 112
There is a something sweet and pure.....197
There's a wideness in God's mercy. 184
The softened mould is brown and warm.....230
The summer days are come again..... 232
The sun darts down his sheaf of golden rays..231
The thought of God, the thought of thee.....166
The winds that o'er my ocean run.....193
Think gently of the erring one..... 87
Thirsting for a living spring 2
Thou Grace Divine, encircling all.....133
Thou hidden love of God, whose height..... 5
Thou Life within my life, than self more near.101
Thou, whose name is blazoned forth..... 57
Thy kingdom come with power and grace 225
Thy way is in the deep, O Lord 129
Thy will be done! In devious way.....135
'Tis winter now: the fallen snow.....236
To-day, beneath thy chastening eye 109
To thee, O Fatherland 246
To weary hearts, to mourning homes..... .162
Two worlds are ours · and is it sin.....203
Unto our heavenly Father 165
We are thy people, we thy care. 247
Weary now I go to rest 46
We ask not, Father, the repose 175
We cannot kindle when we will..... 55
We name thy name, O God.... 50
We praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray 248
We pray no more, made lowly wise..... 220
We wake each morn as if the Maker's grace... 31
We will not weep; for God is standing by us..141
What is this that stirs within 1
What thou wilt, O Father, give 85
When my love to God grows weak. 93
When the hours of day are numbered. 159
When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean. 176
Wherever in the world I am..... 86
Wherever through the ages rise 98
While thee I seek, Protecting Power.....117
With wider view come loftier goal.....221
Yes, for me, for me he careth 172

INDEX OF METRES.

The Tunes are grouped by Metres; and within each group of Metres are arranged alphabetically.

Pages.	Pages.	Pages.
L. M., ...8–18	8s and 7s,.....43–50	11s, ...60
C. M., ...19–31	7s and 6s, ...51–54	11s and 10s, ...61–62
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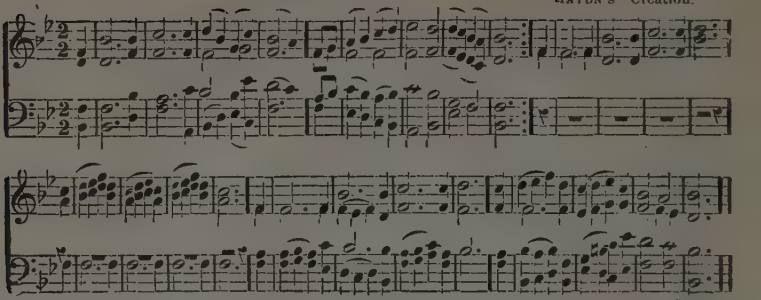
INDEX OF TUNES.

Abdiel, (8 l.).....51
America, ...55
Amsterdam, (8 l.).....52
Arlington, ...19
Autumn, (8 l.) 43
Azmon, ...20
Balerma, ...21
Benneson, ...44
Bethany, ...56
Boylston, ...32
Channing, ...58
Conant, ...36
Creation, (8 l.) 8
Credo, (8 l.) 45
Dundee, ...22
Ellacombe, (8 l.).....53
Ezra, (8 l.)..... 9
Federal St., ...10
Germany, ...11
Greenville, (8 l.).....46
Hamburg, ...12
Harvest, ...63
Hebron, ...13
Holley, ...37
Horeb, ...64
Hummel, ...23
Italian Hymn, ...57
Jerome, ...65
Joy, (8 l.).....66
Laban, ...33
Lloyd, (8 l.) 24
Logan, ...25
Mann, ...14
Manoah, ...26
Marlow, ...27
Melton, ...59
Milton, (6 l.).....15
Missionary Chant, ...16
Mornington, ...34
Naomi, ...28
Nicæa, ...67
Noyes, ...38
Nuremburg, ...39
Old Hundred.....17
Old 132, (8 l.).....29
Olmutz, ...35
Palestine, (6 l.).....68
Parker, ...69
Paul, ...70
Pilgrims, ...61
Pisgah.....47
Pleyel's Hymn, ...40
Portuguese Hymn, ...60
Russian Hymn, (6 l.)...71
Sicily, ...48
Simeon, (6 l.) 30
St. Agnes, ...31
Stephanos, ...72
Stockwell, ...49
Telemann's Chant, ...41
Union, (8 l.).....73
Vesper, (8 l.).....50
Ward, ...18
Ware, (8 l.).....42
Webb, (8 l.).....54
Whittier, ...62

Anthems and Chorals for the Congregation, ...74
Choral Responses, ...79

HAYDN'S "Creation."



ASPIRATION.

1. **The soul.** *Nuremburg*, 39.

WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the soul,—mysterious name!
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.

Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

W. H. FURNESS.

2. **Seeking.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Noyes*, 38.

THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that thou art near:
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

F. P. APPLETON.

3. **Nearer to thee.** *Bethany*. 56.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

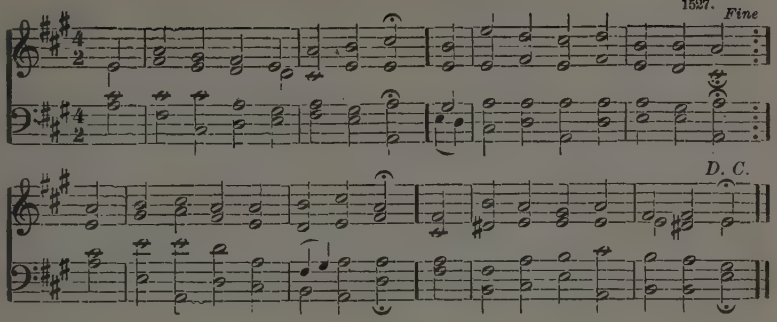
Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.



4. **Rise, my soul.** *Amsterdam*, 52.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

R. SEAGRAVE.

5. **Seeking.** *Milton*, 15.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way:
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

G. TERSTEEGEN.—*Tr.* J. WESLEY.

6. **For a holy mind.** *Naomi*, 28. *Marlow*, 27.

Father in heaven! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift,
To bear me on to God.

Help me to break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown:
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

And do thou kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

W. H. FURNESS.

7. **Conscious of weakness.** *Whittier*, 62.

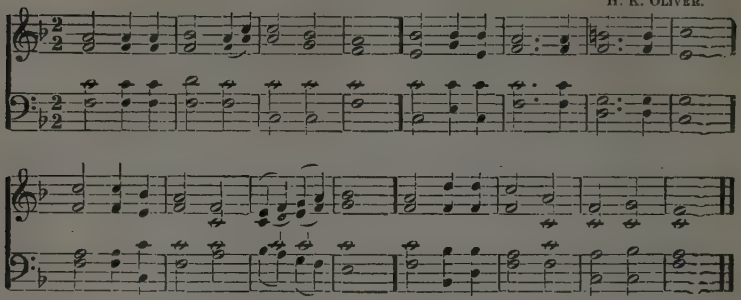
Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name:
That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

J. F. CLARKE.

8. **For inspiration.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Noyes*, 38.

Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

H. K. Oliver.



Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well! forever spring."

S. Longfellow.

9. Liberty. *Boylston*, 32.

O, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of Power within!
And bring thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.

The inward, deep disease,
Spirit of Health, remove!
Spirit of perfect Holiness!
Spirit of perfect Love!

That blessed law of thine,
Father, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,—
O, write it in my heart!

Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

Wesleyan.

10. Strength, love, light. *Italian*, 57.

O thou almighty Will!
Faint are thy children till
Thou come with power:
Strength of our good intents,
In our frail hour Defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour!

O thou most tender Love!
Deep in our spirits move:
Tarry, dear Guest!
Quench thou our passion's fire,
Raise thou each low desire,
Deeds of brave love inspire,
Quickener and Rest!

O Light serene and still!
Come and our spirits fill,
Bring in the day:
Guide of our feeble sight,
Star of our darkest night,
Shine on the path of right,
Show us thy way!

Tr. from King Robert of Fra

11. Morning within. *Italian*, 57.

Father of world and soul,
Changeless while ages roll,
Boundless in grace!
Who, with thy strength and rest,
Quickest and quietest,
Now in each yearning breast
Unveil thy face!

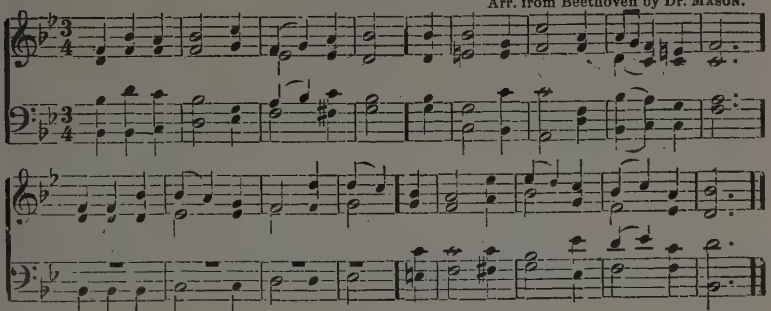
Word, whose creative thrill
Wakes in all Nature still
Life, light and bloom!
Now, with resistless ray,
Chase all our clouds away,
And with thy heavenly day
Our souls illume!

C. T. Brooks

12. Calling. *Nicæa*, 6,

Father, thou art calling, calling to us plainly;
To the spirit comes thy loving message evermore:

Arr. from Beethoven by Dr. MASON.



Holy One, uplift us, nor forever vainly
Stand calling us and waiting at the door.

In the whirling tempest and the storm
thou livest,
In the rain, and in the sweetness of the
after-glow;
Summer's golden bounty, winter's snow,
thou givest,
And blooming meadows where sweet
waters flow.

Clearer still and dearer is thy voice appealing,
Deep within the spirit's secret being
speaking low:
Enter, O our Father! truth and life revealing;
From every evil free us as we go.

In thee living, moving, unto thee uprearing
All the hope and joyfulness and trust that
fill the soul,
Father, we adore thee, asking naught nor
fearing;
We cannot wander from thy dear control.

J. V. BLAKE.

13. **Listening.** *Old 132, 29.*

I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that comes to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars!
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

O, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?

Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory;
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say: "My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way!"

W. C. GANNETT.

14. **Indwelling.** *Autumn, 43.*

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

Breathe, O breathe, thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

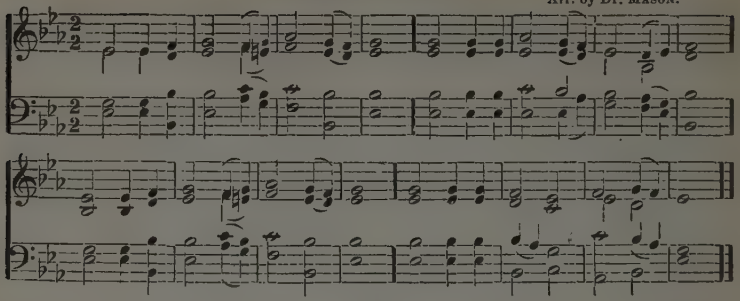
C. WESLEY.

15. **Visited.** *Noyes, 38. Nuremburg, 39.*

Sweetest Joy the soul can know,
Fairest Light was ever shed,
Who alike in joy and woe,
Leavest none unvisited!

Spirit of the Highest God,
Who upholdest everything,
Thou from whom my life has flowed,
To my life thy gladness bring!

Arr. by Dr. MASON.



For the noblest guest thou art
That a soul e'er sought or won:
Have I wished thee to my heart,
Then my wishing all is done.

TR. *from* P. GERHARDT.

16. Salutation. *Greenville*, 46.

PEACE be to this congregation!
Peace to every heart herein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace, to worldly minds unknown,
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of Peace! be near us,
Fix within our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us,
In thy blessed freedom come;
Come, with all thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought!
Come, with thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought!

C. Wesley.

17. For joy and peace. *Autumn*, 43.

HOLY Spirit, Source of Gladness!
Come with all thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life, and shed thy light:
Send us thine illumination;
Banish all our soul's annoy;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing Joy!

Let the Peace, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send:
Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled Peace!

Tr. from P. Gerhardt.

18. Greeting. *Creation*, 8. *Ezra*, 9.

O LIFE that makest all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again:
From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The lovers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;
The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new!

S. LONGFELLOW.

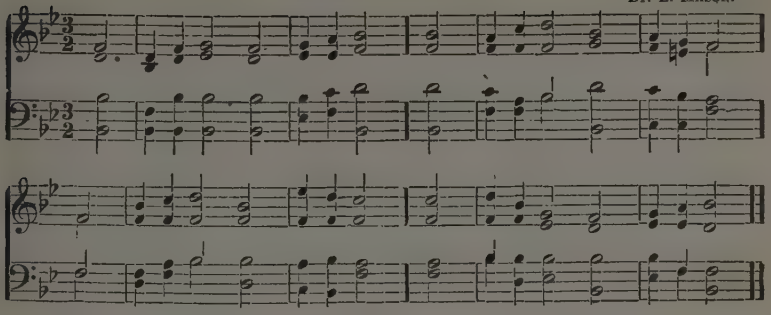
19. Unity. *Channing*, 58. (*Repeat first two lines.*)

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day!
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow Truth, and so be one with thee!

J. W. CHADWICK.

Dr. L. Mason.



20. **For truth and love.** *Hebron*, 13. *Mann*, 14.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That Truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That Love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

21. **A day of rest.** *Federal St.*, 10. *Munn*, 14.

O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine at least to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy sacred shrine;
But each unholy wish departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

O Father, God below, above!
Our silent thoughts are praising thee;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

Emily Taylor.

22. **The temple.** *Autumn*, 43.

God is in his holy temple:
Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.

He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple,—
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee.

Anon.

23. **The pure in heart.** *Boylston*, 32.

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

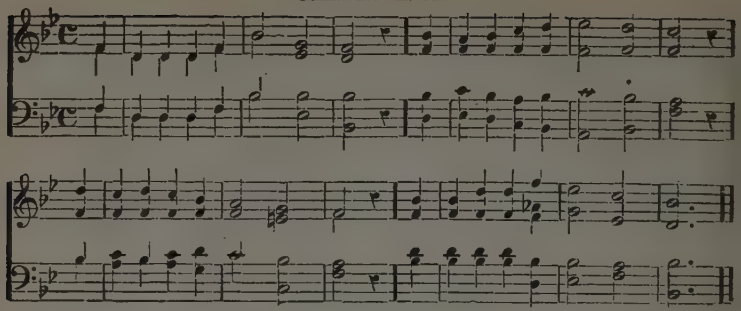
J. Keble.

24. **The still, small voice.** *Amsterdam*, 52.

Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,—
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper, of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent I am now and still,
Would not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

C. Wesley



25. **Before thee.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Noyes*, 38.

Lo! we stand before thee now,
And our silent, inward vow
Thou dost hear, in that profound
Where is neither voice nor sound.

Not by any outward sign
Dost thou show thy will divine;
Deep within thy voice doth cry
And our quickened souls reply.

Thou dost hear, and thou wilt bless
With thy strength and tenderness:
Lo! we come to do thy will;
With thy life our spirits fill.

J. W. CHADWICK.

26. **Heart-speech.** *Mornington*, 34.

Help me, my God, to speak
True words to thee this day;
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

Thy words are true to me;
Let mine to thee be true,
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of striving for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to thee.

True words of faith and hope
Of godly joy and grief:
Lord, I believe,—O, hear my cry,
Help thou mine unbelief!

H. BONAR.

27. **Benediction.** *Sicily*, 48. *Vesper*, 50.

Father, give thy benediction;
Give thy peace, before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

S. LONGFELLOW.

28. **At parting.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Nuremburg*, 39.

For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

When we move at duty's call,
He is with us by the way;
He is ever with us all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong;
Hallow every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

J. NEWTON.

29. **Part in peace.** *Sicily*, 48. *Benneson*, 44.

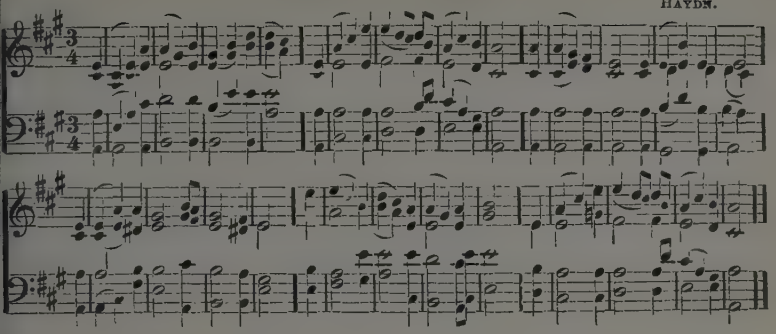
Part in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to our dead.

Part in peace! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

HAYDN.



30. **Let us go.** *Laban*, 33. *Mornington*, 34.

COME, brothers, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And be the way or bright or dark,
He journeys at our side.

Come, brothers, let us go!
Nor by the way fall out;
But help each other brotherly,—
God guards us round about.

The strong be quick to raise
The weaker, when they fall;
In love and peace and quiet go:
God's blessing keep us all!

Tr. from G. Tersteegen.

31. **To be alive!** *Melton*, 59.

WE wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, "How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Lo! all around us his bright servants stand:
And if with frowning brows for their disguise,
Yet with such wells of love in their deep eyes,
And so strong rescue hidden in their hands!

And our lives may in glory move along;
First holy white, and then all good, and fair
For our dear Lord to see,—the very air
We breathe, self-shaped into a natural song.

And ever towards new heights we still may strive,—
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less,
How beautiful it is to be alive!

H. S. Sutton.

32. **Still with thee.** *Whittier*, 62. *Pilgrims*, 61.

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

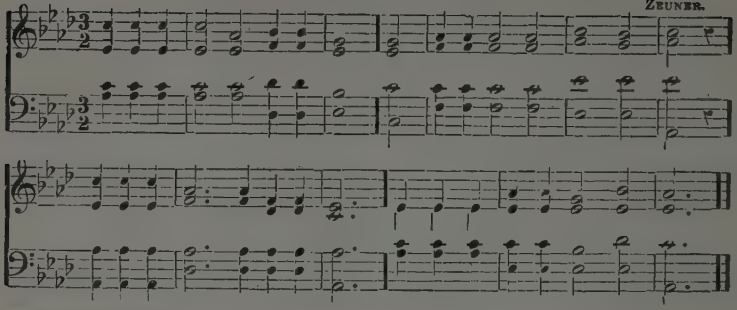
So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought,—I am with thee!

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

33. **In the morning.** *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

IN the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day:
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

ZEUNER.



Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O, shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God! from tears;
Every step thy love attend,
And my soul from harm defend.

W. H. FURNESS.

34. Another day.

Hebron, 13.
Mann, 14.

O God! I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,—
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God, I thank thee that I live!

That life I consecrate to thee;
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
And thank thee for another morn.

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

Another day to do, to dare;
To tax anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

MRS. C. A. MASON.

35. To-day.

Dundee, 22.
Hummel, 23.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
To-day, for love's sweet sake.

New hopes to open in the sun;
New efforts worth the will;
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed of fruit may grow.

And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that nought my thoughts recall
But life of every day,—

Yet if each step in shine or shower
Shall be with thee for guide,
Then blest be every happy hour
That keeps me at thy side.

From Chambers' Journal.

36. From day to day.

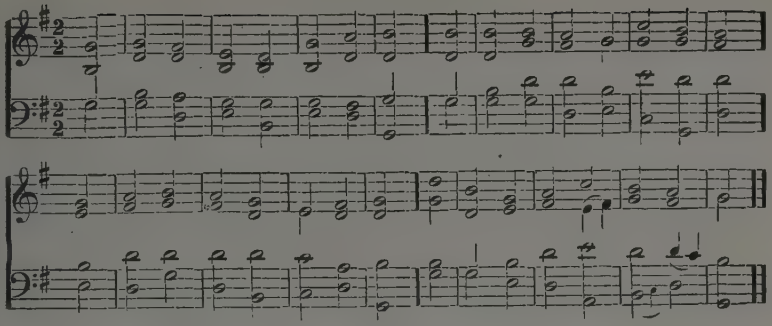
Paul, 70.

Father supreme! Thou high and holy One!
To thee we bow;
Now, when the burden of the day is gone
Devoutly, now.

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead
We feel thy care.

Silence and calm o'er hearts by earth distrest,
Now sweetly steal;
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal.

Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
With eye of love;
And thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.



From age to age unchanging, still the same
All-good thou art;
Hallowed forever be thy holy name
In every heart!

ANON.

37. **At even-tide.** *Simeon*, 30.

O Shadow in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day has lost
The twilight vigil brings;—
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

C. M. PACKARD.

38. **Twilight.** *Vesper*, 50.

Now, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. LONGFELLOW

39. **The light of stars.** *Holley*, 37. *Noyes*, 38.

Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of his will!

Mighty Spirit, here am I!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought!
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

W. H. FURNESS.

40. **Vesper hymn.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16. *Germany*, 11.

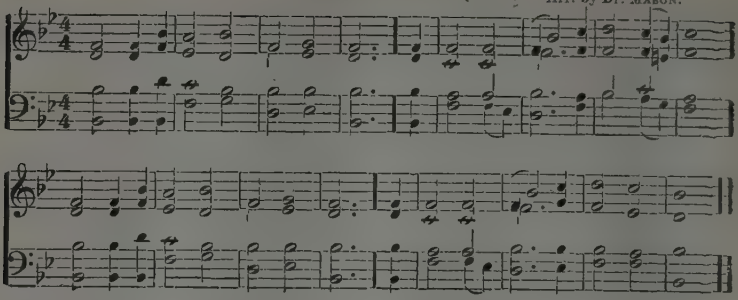
Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!

O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

S. LONGFELLOW.

41. Thou knowest.

Dundee, 22.
Manoah, 26.

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

Thou knowest all our absent ones
Who have been with us here,
As in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

All weary eyes, all aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
Thou knowest, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Anon.

42. Sunday evening.

Stockwell, 49.
Benneson, 44.

Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

C. ROBBINS.

43. Even-song.

Conant, 36.
Holley, 37.

Lord! a happy child of thine,
Patient through the love of thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright:
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Father, Guardian true!
All my life is thine to keep;
At thy feet my work I do,
In thine arms I fall asleep.

ANNA L. WARING.

44. God's household.

Conant, 36.
Nuremburg, 39.

Father, now our prayer is said.
Lay thy hand upon our head:
Pleasures pass from day to day,
But we know that Love will stay.

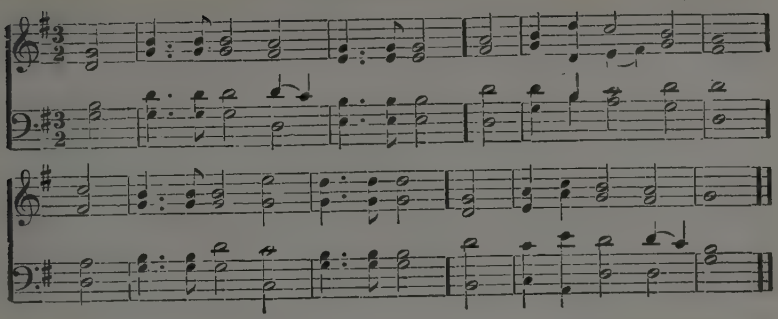
While we sleep it will be near:
We shall wake and find it here;
We shall feel it in the air,
When we say our morning prayer.

And when things are sad or wrong,
Then we know that Love is strong;
When we ache, or when we weep,
Then we know that Love is deep.

Love is old, and Love is new;
Love outlasteth firm and true:
And the Lord who made it thus,
Did it in his love for us.

W. B. Rands.

ARNE, 1744.



45. **He knoweth.** *Balerma*, 21.

THE old, old story! yet I kneel
To tell it at thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
My Father knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all: I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since my God knows!

And he has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred;
My cares are his! my pain and smart
Find healing in the word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding on his breast,
Who knows and pities all,
And holds the morrows, far and near,
Within his love alway:
Let come what will, he bends to hear
The story, day by day!

Anon.

46. **In thy hand.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Conant*, 36.

WEARY now I go to rest,
Close my drooping eyes to sleep:
Father, let thy vision blest
Tender watch above me keep.

Hush to rest my dear ones all
In the hollow of thy hand;
All men sleep, or great or small,
Safe beneath thy kind command.

On sad hearts let peace descend;
On the weeping eyelids, sleep;
And thy moon the skies ascend,
And the still earth vigil keep.

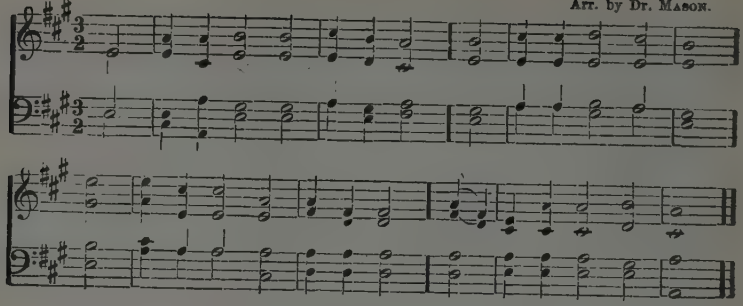
TR. *by* J. V. BLAKE.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
Only a *sense* of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

AZMON. C. M.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



DUTY.

47. **Homeward.** *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw.
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands!
See, he reaches out his hands!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

S. LONGFELLOW.

48. **Just as I am.** *Jerome*, 65.

Just as I am,—without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose love will search each spot,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am;—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve;
My shame is all that I can give,—
Yet, loving God! I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

49. **With shame.** *Azmon*, 20. *Arlington*, 19.

O, richly, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by thee!
And morning, noon and night thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

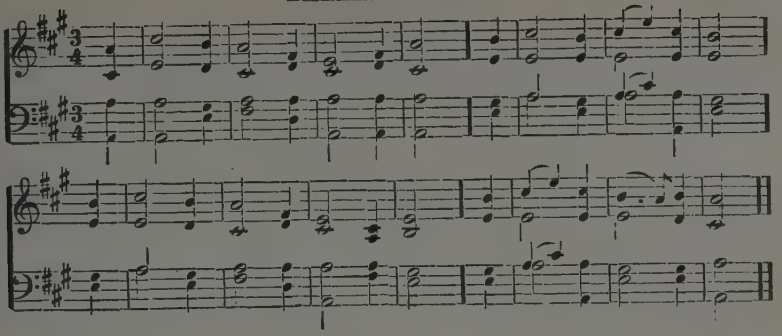
Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father! O, more than Father, thou
Hast always been to me!

Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—

Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

W. H. FURNESS.



50. Through and through. *Olmütz*, 35.

We name thy name, O God,
As our God call on thee,
Though the dark heart in us meantime
Far from thy ways may be.

And we can own thy law,
And we can sing thy songs,
While this sad inner soul in us
To sin and shame belongs.

On us thy love may glow,
As the pure midday fire
On some foul spot in us look down,—
And yet the mire be mire.

Then spare us not thy fires,
The searching light and pain;
Burn out the sin in us; and, last,
With thy love heal again.

F. T. Palgrave

51. Brother, come! *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

J. F. CLARKE.

52. My wants. *Mornington*, 34.

My God, my Strength, my Hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

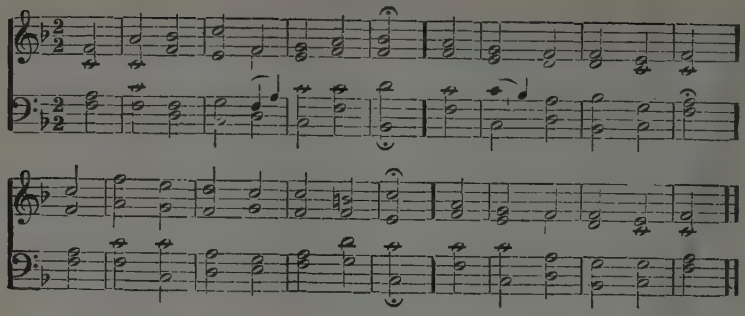
I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

This blessing above all,—
Always to pray I want:
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew!

C. WESLEY.

53. All for God. *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.



Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,—
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my will and make it thine,—
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

54. **Working faith.** *Mornington*, 34.

Only to living faith
The promises are shown,
And by the love that passeth death
The rest is won alone.

Be ours the earnest heart,
Be ours the steady will,
To work in silent faith our part,—
For God is working still.

Then newer lights shall rise
Above these clouds of sin,
And heaven's unfolding mysteries
To glad our souls begin.

Our hearts from fear and wrong
Shall win their full release,
With God's own might forever strong,
And calm with God's own peace.

W. H. HURLBUT.

55. **Morality.** *Milton*, 15.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides:
But tasks in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done:
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost rest in Nature's eye,
Triumphant in thy self-control,
Thy struggling, tasked morality,—
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine
It was the life of God in thine!"

M. Arnold.

56. **The everlasting yea.** *Channing*, 58.

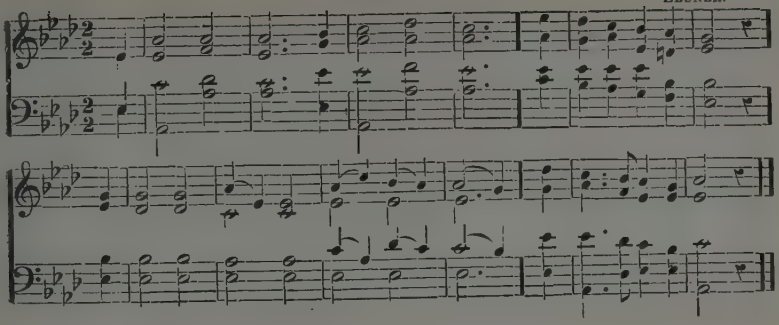
Soul, struggle on! Within the darkest night
Still broods the majesty of deathless Right.
If to its promptings clear thou still art true,
The larger, sweeter lights will flash to view.

The stars will shine, and the blue pomp of day,
And to thine ear the Everlasting Yea
Will breathe its music and its lofty song:
And we shall know that Beauty still is strong;

That there is heart and life, the good, the fair,
That God is smiling in the sunny air,
And Wisdom shaping to remotest star,
And Love is yearning where the lowest are.

S. P. PUTNAM

ZEUNER.



57. **Duty.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Noyes*, 38.

THOU, whose name is blazoned forth
On our banner's gleaming fold,
Freedom! all thy sacred worth
Never yet has half been told.

But to-day we sing of one
Older, graver far than thou;
With the seal of time begun
Stamped upon her awful brow.

She is Duty: in her hand
Is a sceptre heaven-brought;
Hers the accent of command,
Hers the dreadful mystic *Ought*.

But her bondage is so sweet!
And her burdens make us strong:
Wings they seem to weary feet,
Laughter to our lips and song.

Wheresoever she may lead,
Freshly burdened every day,
Freedom, make us free to speed
In her ever brightening way!

J. W. CHADWICK.

58. **Love and law.** *Federal St.*, 10. *Mann*, 14.

ONE Lord there is, all lords above,—
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah! to wrong what is his name?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate,—

Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the Everlasting Name.

W. B. RANDS.

59. **Thy deeper tone.** *Hebron*, 13. *Ward*, 18.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

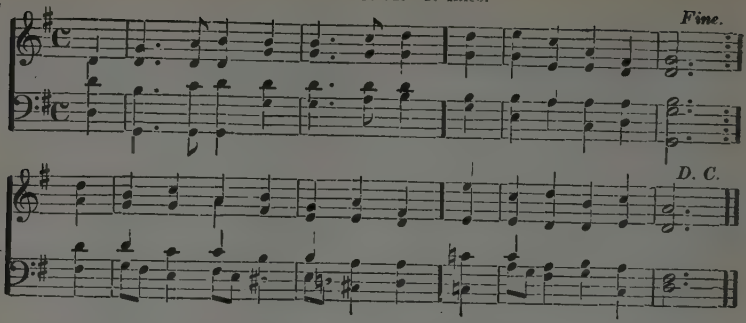
Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach our hearts to love thy law!

J. STERLING.

60. **Vaster music.** *Mann*, 14. *Hebron*, 13.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove!



Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest art thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

O Living Will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds, and make them pure!

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
Till mind and soul, according well,
Make music vaster than before!

A. Tennyson.

61. Our prayer.

Stockwell, 49.
Benneson, 44.

Father, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

62. Beauty and duty.

Stockwell, 49.
Benneson, 44.

All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,—
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

ANON.

63. Psalm of life.

Stockwell, 49.
Benneson, 44.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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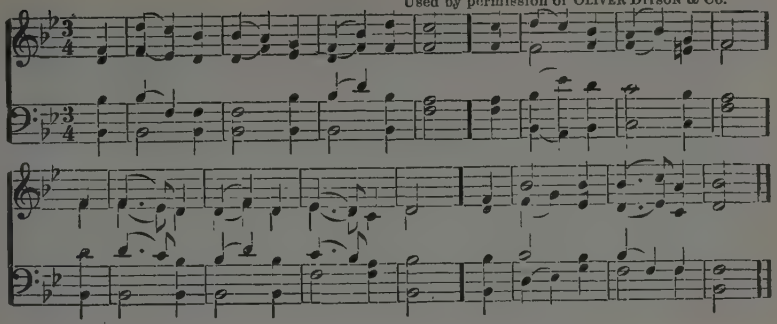


64. **The vow.** *Boylston*, 32. *Laban*, 33.

God of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art,—
We come to do thy will!

Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

To draw thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,—
The spirit's God-likeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue,—
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness, strong!

S. Johnson.

65. **Servants of Truth.** *Joy*, 66.

Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?
Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
What, and where, is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end:
Not to idle dreams and trances,
Folded hands, and solemn tone;
But to faith, in daily striving
And performance shown:
Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;
And, without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier

66. **Servants of Freedom.** *Ward*, 18

O Freedom! on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field,
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done!

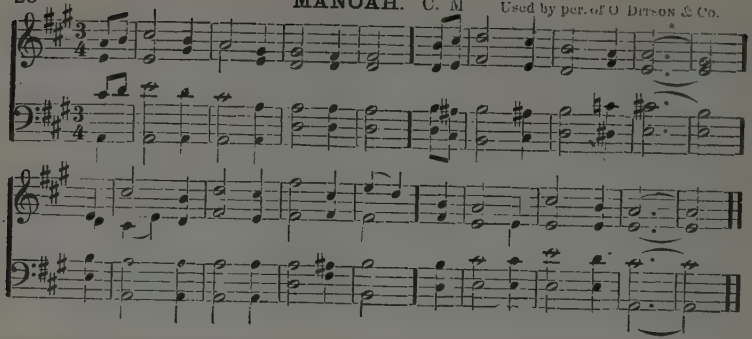
Who calls the glorious labor hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

Be ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense,—
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noon-day shade!

J. G. Whittier.

67. **Onward, upward.** *Stockwell*, 49. *Benneson*, 44.

Onward, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone:
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!



By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won:
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver:
O, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace:
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

S. JOHNSON.

68. The choice. *Benneson*, 44. *Autumn*, 43.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,—
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with Truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of Evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the Shadow,
Keeping watch above his own!

J. R. Lowell.

69. Enlisted. *Telemann*, 41.

Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.

What our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;—

Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age.

On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

BULFINCH.

70. Ready. *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

Our spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourished ours,—
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

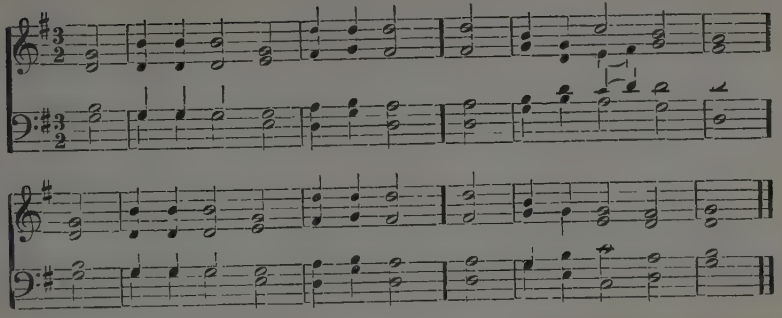
Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy Truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

MARLOW. C. M.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



71. **On the field.** *Arlington*, 19. *Dundee*, 22.

O, BLEST is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

O, learn to scorn the praise of men!
O, learn to lose—with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

F. W. FABER.

72. **Back to the field.** *Arlington*, 19. *Dundee*, 22.

HE always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul:
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

F. W. FABER.

73. **The battle-field.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

O, NERVE thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot!
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not

Heed not the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Old Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers;
Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers!

W. C. BRYANT.

74. **Victory.** *Telemann*, 41.

Stainless soldier on the walls!
Knowing this, he knows no more,—
Whoso fights, and whoso falls,
Justice conquers evermore!

He who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain.

And forever! But his foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Sees aloft the red right Arm
Straight redress the eternal scales.

R. W. Emerson.

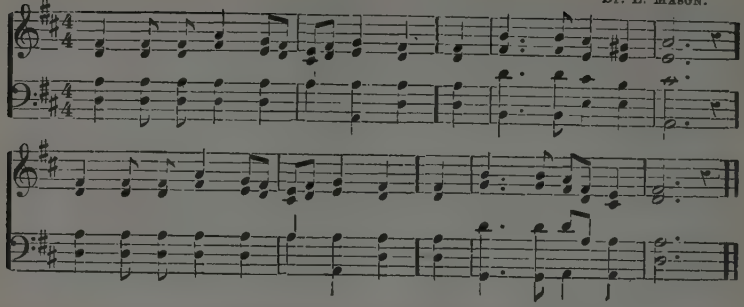
75. **The hero.** *Pleyel*, 40.

GIVE, O earth, a hero's grave!
Flush it with thy fairest bloom,—
Bluest of forget-me-nots
For a stainless soldier's tomb!

He was fellow with them all,
Wearers of the blue and gray,
Men who, told that they must die,
Only asked to know the way.

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



Ever first in freedom's van,
Took his breast the sheaf of spears:
Here is loss too deep for words,
Here is grief too proud for tears.

Onward, where he led the way!
Many more will have to fall
Ere the glorious banner waves
Peace and triumph over all.

J. W. CHADWICK.

76. The bravest. *Nuremburg*, 39.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb
Where the untended grasses bloom;
Where no colors wrapt the breast
As a hero sank to rest.

Heart of duty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried,—here in peace
Tireless service found release.

Kneeling where a woman lies,
Spent in willing sacrifice,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

T. W. Higginson.

77. Lowly service. *Simeon*, 30.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

Briers beset my every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on thee
Are happy anywhere.

ANNA L. WARING.

78. One by one. *Stockwell*, 49.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

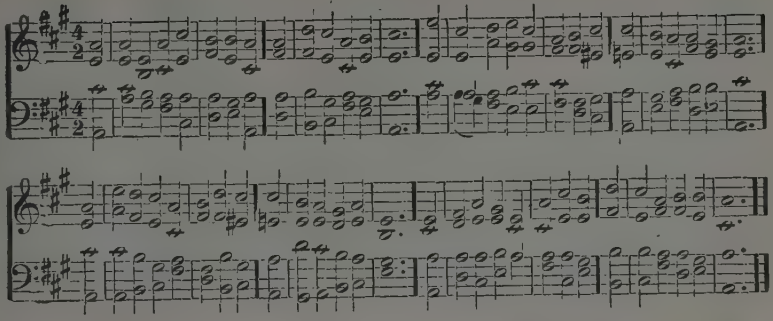
One by one thy duties wait thee,—
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,—
Do not fear an armed band:
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Hath its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



79. **Common cares.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

O could we learn true sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more content with these,
Let present comfort, rapture, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;—
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. KEBLE.

80. **Divine alchemy.** *Channing*, 58.

Give me, my God, to feel thee in my joy,
So shall my joy to love ennobled be;
Give me to feel thee in this slight annoy,
That turns to hope through thy fine alchemy.

Give me, within the work that calls to-day,
To see thy finger gently beckoning on;
Let struggle grow to freedom, work to play,
And toil, begun from thee, to thee be done.

I lay each humblest hope within my prayer;
To thee no high seraphic aims I bring;
My daily bread, rest, strength for common care,—
Yet all is truth within my offering.

And thou, whose fire forms rubies out of clay,
And bids dull charcoal into diamonds turn,
Add thou the grace, while in the truth I pray,
And this poor heart-cry into music turn.

J. F. Clarke.

81. **The city of God.** *Dundee*, 22. *Arlington*, 19.

In thee my powers, my treasures, live;
To thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

And wherefore should I seek above
The City in the sky,
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

82. **The elixir.** *Mornington*, 34.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

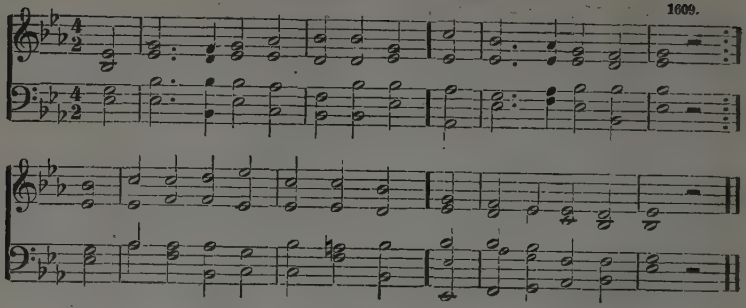
All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
That with the tincture "For thy sake"
Will not grow bright and clean.

My heart, learn well this clause,
And all thy work will shine;
To toil as for his holy laws
Makes drudgery divine!

G. Herbert.

SIMEON. C. M. 6 lines.

1609.



83. **The offering.** *Pleyel*, 40.

LORD! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;

Quiet thoughts at peace with all;
Wrongs forgiven into rest;
Sympathy intent to call
Sorrow from the wounded breast;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,—
Love to thee, and all mankind.

John Taylor.

84. **Prayer-answer.** *Mornington*, 34.

AT first I prayed for Light:—
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:—
That I might tread the road
With firm unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:—
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love;
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;—

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

85. **Out of self.** *Nuremburg*, 39.

WHAT then wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive:
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thy grace;
Let me find in thine employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant!

Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

86. **Fellowship.** *Simeon*, 30

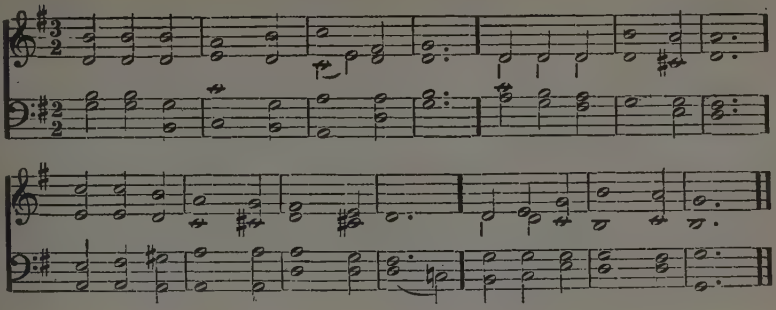
WHEREVER in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do,
For him on whom I wait.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

In service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me:
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free,—
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

DYKES.



87. **Charity.** *Lloyd*, 24.

THINK gently of the erring one;
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

MISS FLETCHER.

88. **Best prayer.** *Balerma*, 21.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

89. **The law of love.** *Arlington*, 19.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams.
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.

R. C. TRENCH.

90. **The seed.** *Federal St.*, 10. *Hebron*, 13.

Now is the seed-time; God alone,
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
Beholds the end of what is sown:
The harvest time is hid with him.

Yet unforgotten where it lies,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
The seed of generous sacrifice,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit, at last.

And he who blesses most is blest;
For God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

J. G. WHITTIER.

91. **Long life.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

HE liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but thrown away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

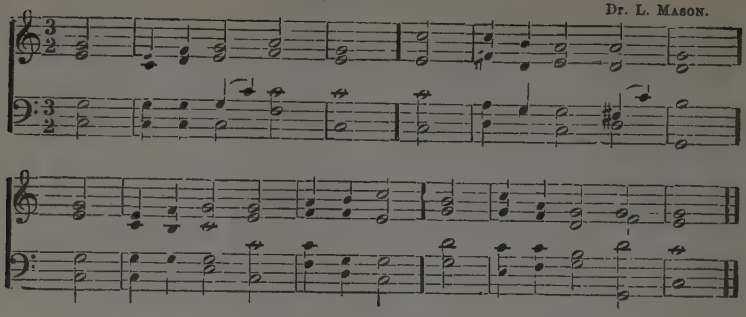
H. BONAR.

92. **The bond.** *Arlington*, 19.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of Love.

O Bond of union strong and deep!
O Bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Dr. L. Mason.



Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow.

93. **The cross.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Conant*, 36.

When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying there, alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

Anon.

94. **Come unto me.** *Nuremburg*, 39.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, and seek in vain;
Ye whose swollen, sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
Who the stings of sin can bear?

Sufferers, come! For here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

95. **Jesus.** *Old 132*, 29.

He cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
O Friend and Teacher of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
Thy words like heavenly music fall,
And draw our lives to thine.

J. G. Whittier.

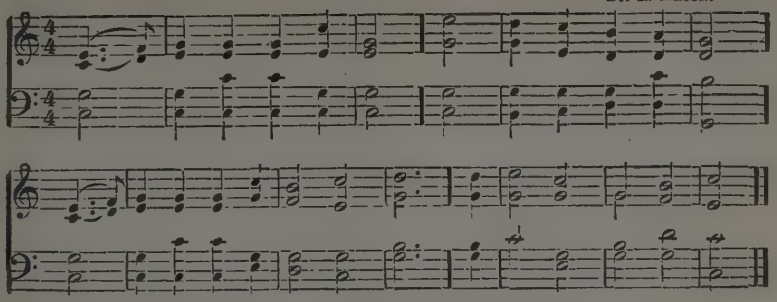
96. **Incarnation.** *Logan*, 25.

O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun,—

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

Dr. L. Mason.



Our Friend, our Brother and our Guide,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual pride,
But simply following thee.

The heart shall ring thy Christmas bells,
Kind deeds thine altars raise,
Our faith and hope thy canticles,
And our obedience praise!

J. G. Whittier.

97. **Yet speaketh.** *Logan*, 25.

Immortal by their deed and word
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear!

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own
And all his will obey!

F. L. Hosmer.

98. **Fellowship.** *Mann*, 14.

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,

We see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of thy unmeasured Over-Heart!

J. G. Whittier.

99. **Our guides.** *Italian*, 57.

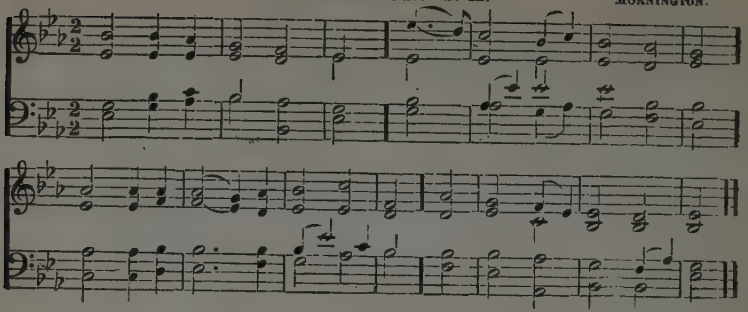
All hail, God's angel, Truth!
In whose immortal youth
Fresh graces shine:
To her sweet majesty,
Lord, help us bend the knee,
And all her beauty see,
And wealth divine.

Thanks for the names that light
The path of Truth and Right
And Freedom's way:
For all whose life doth prove
The might of Faith, Hope, Love,
Thousands of hearts to move,
A power to-day!

Thanks for the heart of Love,
Kin to thine own above,
Tender and brave;
Ready to bear the cross,
To suffer pain and loss,
And earthly good count dross,
In toils to save.

May their dear memory be
True guide, O Lord, to thee,
With saints of yore;
And may the work they wrought,
The truth of God they taught,
The good for man they sought,
Spread evermore!

W. Newell.



TRUST.

100. Unfound, unlost. *Pilgrims*, 61.

I CANNOT find thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell:
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! E'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art!

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam:
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,—
And I must rest at last in thee, my home!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

101. Whom but thee. *Melton*, 59.

THOU Life within my life, than self more near!
Thou veiled Presence infinitely dear!
From all my nameless weariness, I flee
To find my centre and my rest in thee.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

How can I call thee who art always here,—
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear,—
What may I give thee save what thou hast given,—
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven?

ELIZA SCUDDER.

102. Mother and child. *Marlow*, 27

My child is lying on my knees;
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood;
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

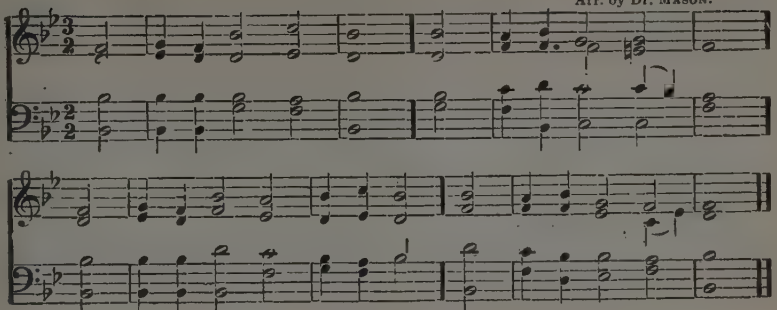
I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak:

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

Lo! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to thee.

G. MACDONALD.

Arr. by Dr. MASON.



103. **So far, so near.** *Dundee*, 22. *Balerma*, 21.

O THOU, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,—
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here:—

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out?
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about!

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore!

O sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see!

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

F. L. HOSMER.

104. **Within.** *Boylston*, 32.

In thine own being, thine,
Not elsewhere, search for his;
Not in some outer heaven and earth;
Within he speaks and is.

No voice can speak his voice;
No words his essence tell;
Felt beyond feeling's conscious verge
Is he in whom we dwell.

Enough to know him here,
Far, near, within, around:—
The heavenly treasure swiftly flies
Before the touch of sound.

In silence hold thy faith,
Unspeakable, alone;
The unknown future ever lies
Hid in the God unknown.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

105. **Very near.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16

O, SOMETIMES comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spirit-mysteries.

The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer.

Then all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about;
And law and goodness, love and force
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
We feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One True Life our own renew.

J. G. WHITTIER.

106. **The hidden life.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Conant*, 36.

Mid the lurking fears that start
When we search life's hidden springs,
Voice of God within the heart,
Waken us to braver things!

Tell us of a Force behind
All we see, Supreme and One;
Tell us of a larger Mind
Than the partial power we own.

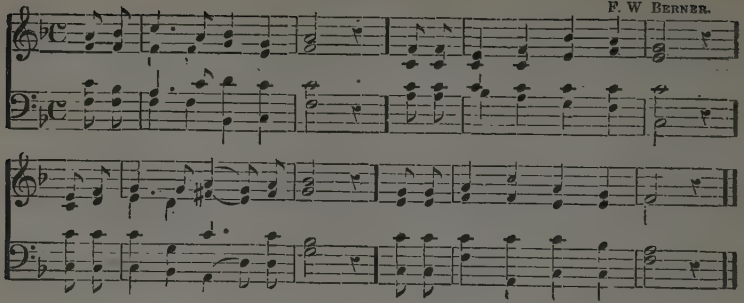
Teach us that what now we know
To thy unknown leads the way,
As the dawn that faint and low
Prophesies the perfect day.

Wearied with the golden glare,
With the noise of outward things,
Take us to thy larger air,
To the freedom of our wings!

Soul of Nature, hidden nigh,
Shaping all this outward mask,
In the silence round our cry
Lo, we hear thee as we ask!

F. T. Palgrave.

F. W BERNER.



107. **All is well.** *Ward*, 18.

O, YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood!

We hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space
In the deep night, that all is well.

And all *is* well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
Thy deeper voice across the storm!

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they!

A. TENNYSON.

108. **The eternal goodness.** *St. Agnes*, 31. *Arlington*, 19.

FIRM, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,—
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,—
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,—I know
His goodness and his love.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on thee!

J. G. WHITTIER.

109. **Weary.** *Jerome*, 65.

TO-DAY, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest;
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe;
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come
O Father, unto thee!

To-day in lowliness of mind
I make my humble wishes known,—
I only ask a will resigned
O Father, to thine own!

J. G. WHITTIER.

110. **Lead thou me on!** *Parker*, 69.

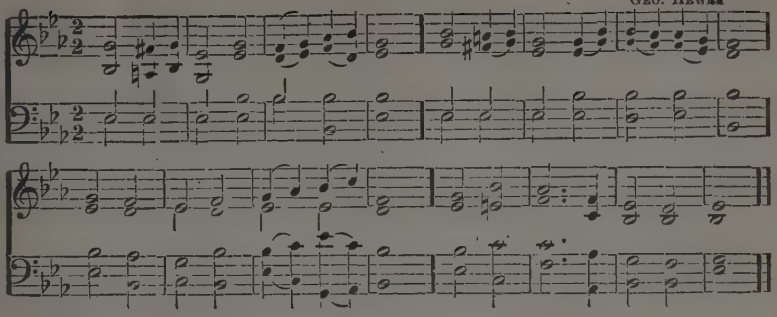
LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'T will lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

GEO. HEWES



111. **Our help.** *Arlington*, 19. *Dundee*, 22.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy children dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And their defence is sure.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

I. WATTS.

112. **God.** *Manoah*, 26. *Balerma*, 21.

THERE is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That Eye unseen o'erwatcheth all;
That Arm upholds the sky;
That Ear doth hear the sparrow's call;
That Love is ever nigh.

Anon.

113. **My helper.** *Naomi*, 28.

I CANNOT walk in darkness long,—
My Light is by my side;
I cannot stumble or go wrong
While following such a guide.

He is my stay and my defence;—
How shall I fail or fall?
My helper is Omnipotence,
My ruler ruleth all!

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to his care:—
I cannot wander from his love
Who loves me everywhere.

MRS. C. A. MASON.

114. **Everlasting arms.** *Amsterdam*, 52.

SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near;
LO! he holds thee by the hand
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows from the heat thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in,
Kindly compass thee about
And save thee from thy sin.
He is still thy sure defence;
Thou his constant care shalt prove,
Kept by watchful Providence
And ever-waking Love.

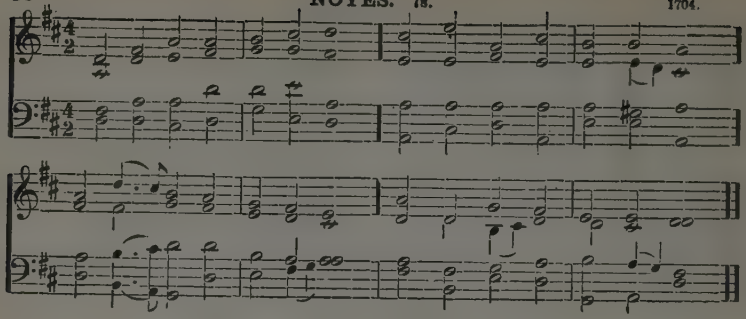
C. Wesley.

115. **God is love.** *Benneson*, 44. *Stockwell*, 49.

GOD is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth
God is wisdom, God is love.



He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. BOWRING.

116. **A thankful heart.** *Naomi*, 28.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet thought that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE.

117. **A steadfast heart.** *Balerma*, 21. *Arlington*, 19.

WHILE thee I seek, Protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee!

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

118 **A patient heart.** *Milton*, 15

NONE loves me, Father, with thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine;
O, grant me, as thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of thine!
From every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace.

Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in thee to live.

A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from thy way decline,
And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to thine,—
A heart that loves to trust in thee,
A patient heart, create in me!

FROM THE GERMAN.

119. **Waiting.** *Boylston*, 32.

NOT so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although he seem to linger long,
He never comes too late.

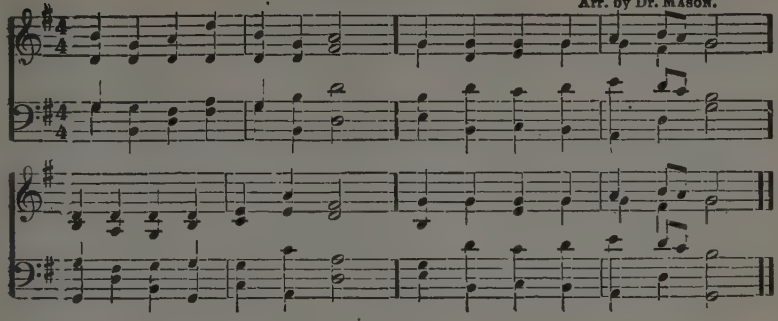
He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best:
Vex not thyself,—it is in vain;
Until he cometh, rest.

Until he cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God,—'t is they
Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
For I shall wait his lead.

S. T.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



120. **For calm.** *Germany*, 11.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

M. ARNOLD.

121. **Unknown morrows.** *Webb*, 54.

Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."
It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too.

Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.
Our God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWPER.

122. **Day by day.** *Noyes*, 38.

Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,—
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my eager hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to thine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

O, to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet aglow with gratitude!

J. CONDER.

123. **In thy hand.** *Laban*, 33.

"My times are in thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

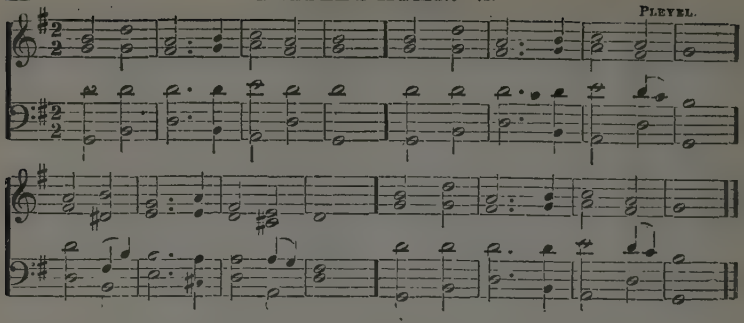
"My times are in thy hand:"
I'll always trust in thee;
In life, in death, within thy hand
May they for ever be!

Anon.

124. **Labor! wait!** *Joy*, 66.

Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care:
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove:
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring ever,
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.



Labor! wait! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done:
Count not lost thy fleeting moments;
Life hath but begun.

Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear,—
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

BAILEY.

125. Awake our souls! *Ward*, 18.

AWAKE our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint!

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run!

I. WATTS.

126. Undismayed. *Laban*, 33.

GIVE to the winds thy fears!
Hope and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time! so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.

Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

P. GERHARDT: TR. BY J. WESLEY.

127. Providence. *Arlington*, 17

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

W. COWPER.

128. Burdens dropped. *Laban*, 33. *Boylston*, 38

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

While Providence supports,
Let hearts securely dwell:
That hand which bears all Nature up
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's face,
And sweet refreshment find.

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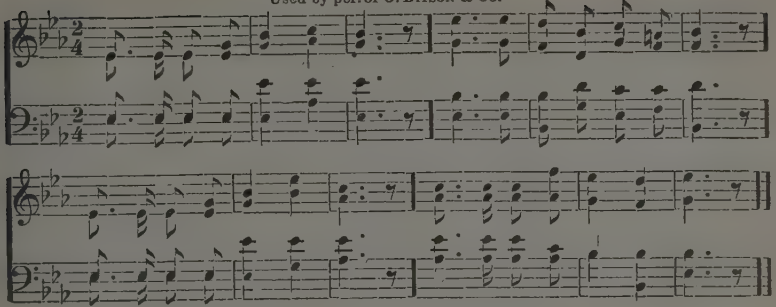


His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away!

P. DODDRIDGE.

129. On the deep. *Arlington*, 19.

THY way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with thee:
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path will find
The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand seem lost,—
Drear moment of delay;
We cry, "Lord, help the tempest-tost!"
And safe we're borne away.

O happy soul, of faith divine,
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

ANON.

130. God-speed. *Simeon*, 30.

Go not far from me, O my God,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away,—
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may!

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thine everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,—
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day!

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can wrest away:
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may!

ANNA L. WARING.

131. Led. *Simeon*, 30.

SWEET is the solace of thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home to thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Oft, in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith;
And feel my safety in thy hand
From every kind of death.

O, there is nothing in the world
To weigh against thy will!
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil;
And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find thee with me still.

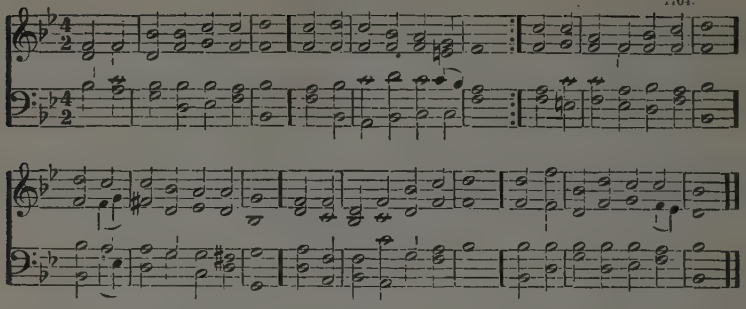
Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of thy love
My heart be satisfied,
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at thy side.

ANNA L. WARING.

132. I look to thee. *Horeb*, 64.

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again;
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;—
But let me only think of thee,
And then new hope springs up in me.



Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. LONGFELLOW.

133. Love of God. *St. Agnes*, 31. *Arlington*, 19.

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O Love of God most kind!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God! to thee.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

134. All as God wills. *Balerma*, 21.

All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, whereso'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

J. G. WHITTIER.

135. Thy will be done. *Jerome*, 65.

Thy will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Father, thy will be done!

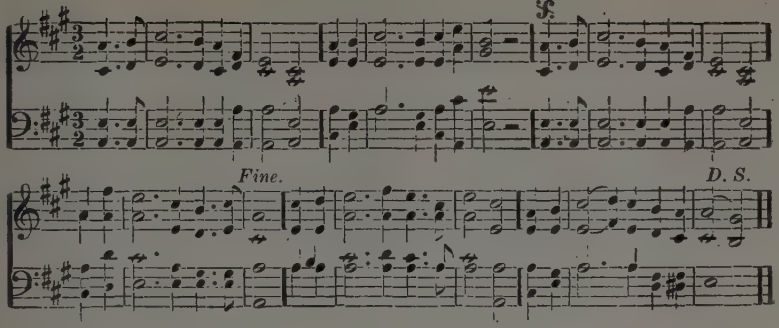
Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine,—
Father, thy will be done!

Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours,—to breathe, while we adore,
Father, thy will be done!

J. BOWRING.

136. My Shepherd. *Portuguese*, 60.

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall
I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems
when oppressed.



Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my
stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter
near.

In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er:
As a king well-beloved thou crownest my
head:
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee
above;
'T is the courts of a Temple thus far I
have trod,
And the way leadeth ever to mansions of
love.

J. Montgomery.

137. The Father. *Conant*, 36.

Can I see another's woe
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief
And not seek for kind relief?

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear;—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away.

O no! it can never be!
Never, never can it be!
Think not thou canst breathe a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by.

He doth give his joy to all:
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

W. BLAKE.

138. The Comforter. *Milton*, 15.

O, DRAW me, Father, after thee!
So shall I run and never tire:
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art near.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed:
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
O Father, in my latest hour,
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And draw me closer to thy side!

Moravian.

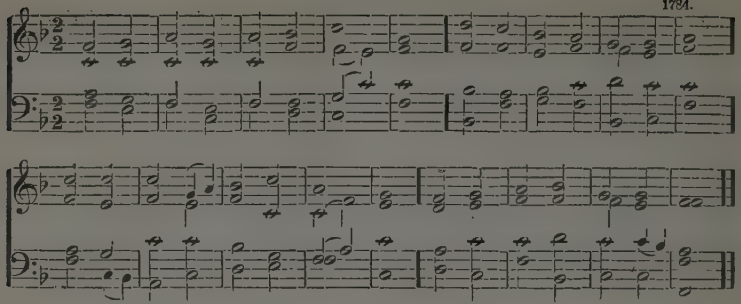
139. My all in all. *Milton*, 15.

O God! my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife my peace; in loss my gain:
From hurt and grief and sin and shame,
I hide me, Father, in thy name.

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in sorrow's darkest hour;
My swift redemption when I fall;
My life in death; my all in all!

C. Wesley.

1784.



140. **For strength.** *Pilgrims*, 61. *Whittier*, 62.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair,—O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong! We need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. JOHNSON.

141. **The might of faith.** *Pilgrims*, 61.

WE will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight.
We will not doubt;—if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint;—if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending!
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the death is past!

W. H. HURLBUT.

142. **The eternal years.** *Logan*, 25.

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Of the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy faithless fears;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

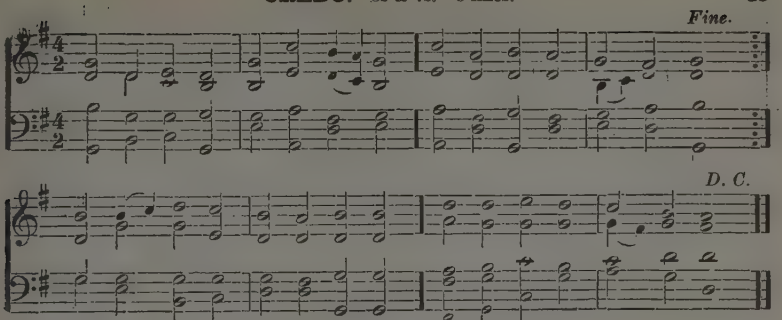
Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears,
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

He practises all virtue well,
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal Years.

F. W. FABER.

143. **Filial trust.** *Federal St.*, 10.

MY God! I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.



Thy mercy bids all Nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ!
Thy purposes of love fulfil!
And mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will!

A. NORTON.

144. Blessed sorrows. *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power;
For now my shallow cistern 's spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love?

That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm;
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to Love and Power!

S. JOHNSON.

145. Shaping. *Manoah*, 26.

FATHER, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

And such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray;
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along thy narrow way.

J. H. NEWMAN.

146. Remoulded. *Naomi*, 28.

BENEATH thine hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone:
O, mould me till to self I die,
And live to thee alone!

With frequent disappointments sore
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! Thine hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite, till from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
And have no will but thine.

F. J. HEDGE.

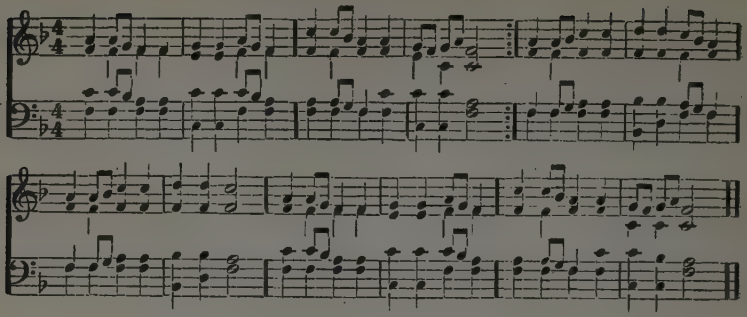
147. They that mourn. *Logan*, 25.

O WORD divine, like healing balms
To hearts oppressed and torn,
Thy heavenly consolation falls—
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

To every hope by sorrow crushed
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals:
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals;

The power to look within the veil
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before;



Hath never known how full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

W. H. Burleigh.

148. Our Calvary. *Paul*, 70.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn:
Would we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

Yet more than feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
The Father, in his tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
In him we trust.

For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
From his great love!

FRANCES P. COBBE.

149. Brightening skies. *Mann*, 14.

Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old!
My hair, be white; my blood, run cold;
And one by one, my powers, depart!
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Downhill the path of age! O, no:
Up, up, with patient steps I go;
I watch the skies fast brightening there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Beside my road small tasks spring up,
Though but to hand the cooling cup,
Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
Tell the lone soul that God is near.

Beat on, my heart; and grow not old!
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.

MRS. L. J. HALL.

150. Into the shadows. *Ellacombe*, 53. *Webb*, 54.

Around my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.
Yet hark! a voice above me,
Which says, "Wait, trust, and pray:
The night will soon be over,
And light will come with day."

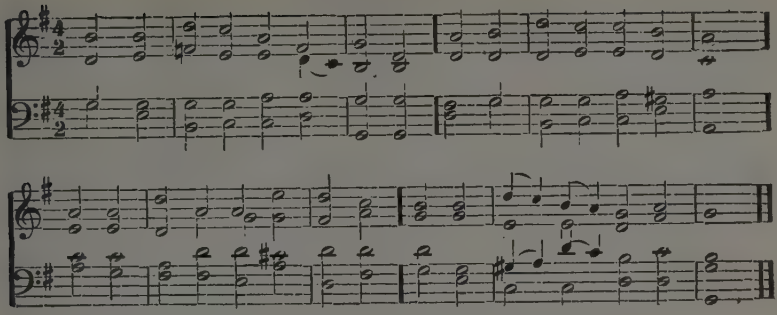
Amen! the light and darkness
Are both alike to thee,—
Then to thy waiting servant
Alike they both shall be.
That great unending future!
I cannot pierce its shroud;
But I nor doubt, nor tremble,—
God's bow is on the cloud.

To him I yield my spirit;
On him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death, beyond it
I nothing see but God.
Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait his call;
Seeing and fearing nothing,
Hoping and trusting all!

S. GREG.

151. Safe to the land. *Stephanos*, 72.

I know not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.



My bark is wafted from the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

How can I fear the storm to sail,
With him on board?
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! Safe to the land,
Unknown, but there!
And then with him go, hand in hand,
On, anywhere!

H. Alford.

152. Assured. *Manoah*, 26.

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

J. G. WHITTIER.

153. Easter. *Stockwell*, 49. *Benneson*, 44.

STANDING on the shore at morning,
I beheld the shining sea,
Saw the wreathing vapors mounting
Into heaven silently.

Standing on the hill at evening,
Clouds stooped gently over me,
Softly from the west ascending,
And the rain fell silently.

So, I cried, my Spirit's incense
Sure returneth unto me;
Upward breathing, falls in blessing
From our Father, silently.

So my life up-striving, soaring,
Where nor eye nor thought can see,
Comes again descending on me,
Filled with immortality.

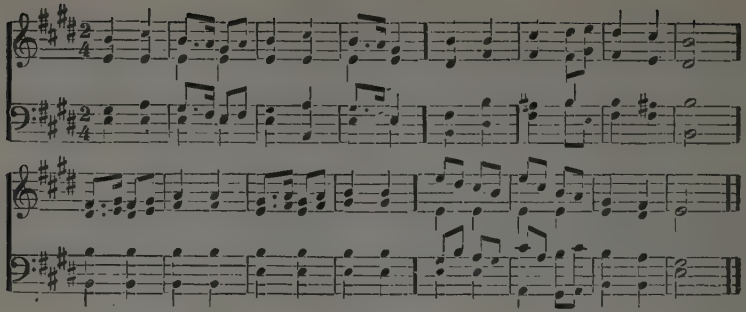
And the bliss of hope awakens;
Earth and sky I clearer see;
And I carol, in my gladness,
Joyful hymn and melody.

J. V. BLAKE.

154. Immortality. *Russian*, 71.

FATHER Omnipotent! joyful and thankful,
Bring we the praises to thee belong;
Hopefulness, joyfulness in thy great mercy
Fill our waked spirits with sounding song.
Hallowed and heavenly, Light shines immortal
Through Life's open portal:

Open to faithfulness, open to sorrow,
Open to vision of saint and seer!
Death, where thy victory? where thy great anguish?
Hope cometh mighty, outcasting fear!
O hope victorious! on us descending,
Earth and heaven blending!



Glory and majesty break forth upon us,
Like unto splendors of morning skies!
Light beatifical! Life everlasting!
With thy great glory on us arise;
Lighten our heaviness, shine on our sorrow,
Life's eternal morrow!

J. V. BLAKE.

155. The dearer trust. *Azmon*, 20. *St. Agnes*, 31.

My God, I rather look to thee
Than to my fancy fond,
And wait, till thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

I seek not of thy Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow;

What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind;
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.

O, sweeter far to trust in thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with thee alone!

In thee, my powers, my treasures live
To thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

156. Service hereafter. *Germany*, 11.

I would my work were better done;
I would it were but just begun;
For, listening where I waiting stand,
Comes music from the Better Land.

O busy hand and heart and brain,
Why have ye toiled so long in vain?
I feel that unknown world so near!
And yet my spirit knows no fear.

For longer life I will not pray,
I will not ask another day;
For the dear Father even yet
New chance may give, new tasks may set.

Beyond the grave, to thee more true,
O, give me still thy work to do;
The power to serve thou'lt surely spare;
Shall not thy service wait me there?

MRS. L. J. HALL.

157. Gone before. *Manoah*, 26.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path that reaches heaven.

O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here!

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

J. G. WHITTIER.

158. The silent land. *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

God giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

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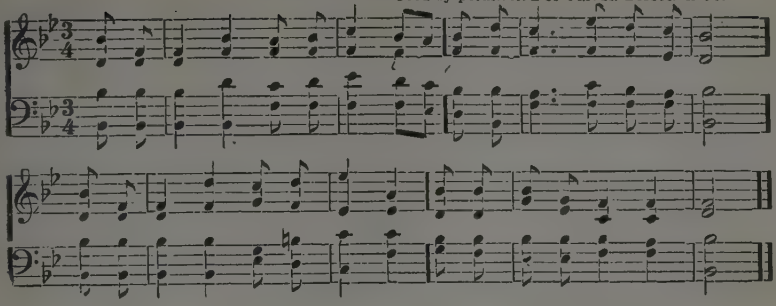


O Silent Land to which we move!
Enough, if there alone be Love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

J. G. Whittier.

159. Footsteps of angels. *Autumn*, 43. *Vesper*, 50.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm, delight;
With a slow and noiseless footstep
Come my messengers divine,
Take the vacant chair beside me,
Lay a gentle hand in mine.

Uttered not, yet comprehended
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebuke, in blessing ended,
Breathing from the lips of air.
O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

H. W. Longfellow.

160. Auld lang syne. *Lloyd*, 24.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore!

J. W. Chadwick.

161. "Green pastures and still waters." *Autumn*, 43. *Vesper*, 50.

Clear in memory's silent reaches
Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no star-light
To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain;
And the waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are naught.

Naught? I fear not! If the Power
Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none he ever led:
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

W. C. Gannett.

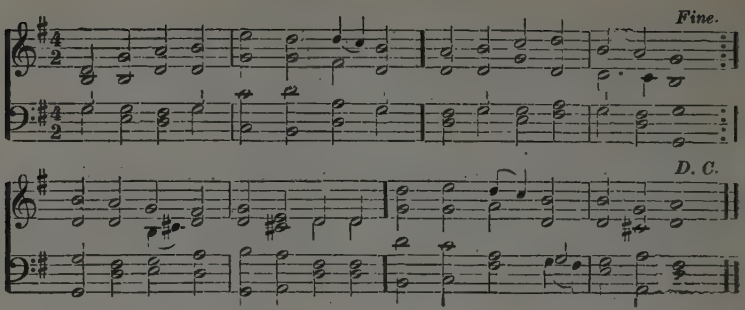
162. The angel. *Hamburg*, 12. *Ward*, 18.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes,—
Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
And in his tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

He walks with us, that angel kind,
And gently whispers "Be resigned!
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

J. G. Whittier.



BLESSEDNESS.

163. **A song of trust.** *Lloyd*, 24.

O Love Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best!
Fain would I come and rest to-day
Upon thy tender breast;
And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, "Wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek alway?"

I pray not, then, because I would,—
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust.
And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray

I would not have thee otherwise
Than what thou still must be;
Yea, thou art God, and what thou art
Is ever best for me.
And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
Upon thy tender breast.

J. W. CHADWICK.

164. **Prayer.** *Hebron*, 13.

No words of labored prayer I know,—
I cannot seek my Father so;
It gushes up in sudden hours,
As sing the birds, as bloom the flowers.

And is it prayer, or is it praise?
I only know, in loving ways,
When joy and sorrow touch the springs,
To thee my spirit inly sings.

Away from forms I needs must turn;
No prayer have I that I must learn:
I ask but help to love thee more,
And thy dear will in peace adore.

MRS. L. J. HALL.

165. **He knoweth.** *Ellacombe*, 53 *Webb*, 54.

Unto our heavenly Father
We will not fear to pray
For little needs and longings
That fill our every day;
And when we dare not whisper
A want that lieth dim,
We say, "Our Father knoweth,"
And leave it all to him.

For his great love has compassed
Our nature and our need;
We know not; but he knoweth,
And he will bless indeed.
Therefore, O heavenly Father,
Give what is best to me;
And take the wants unanswered
As offerings made to thee.

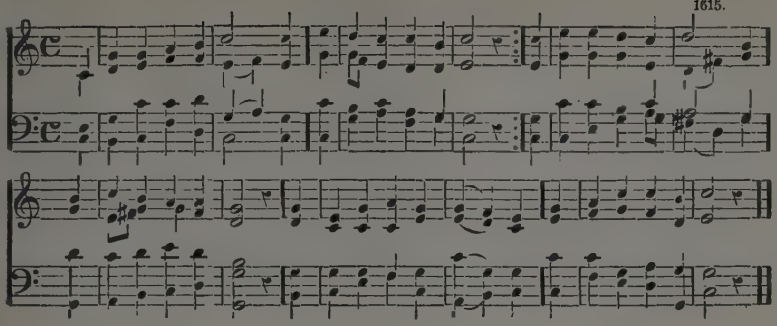
ANON.

166. **The thought of God.** *Marlow*, 27.

The thought of God the thought of thee
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art:—

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears;
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

It is not of his wondrous works,
Nor even that he is;
Words fail it,—but it is a thought
That by itself is bliss.



Within a thought so great, our souls
Little and modest grow;
And by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

F. W. FABER.

167. The thought of God. *St. Agnes*, 31. *Balerma*, 21.

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

F. L. HOSMER.

168. Divine help. *Naomi*, 28.

O name, all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fullness fill!

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God!

The thought of thee all sorrow calms;
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all!

F. L. HOSMER.

169. My prayer. *Laban*, 33.

One gift, my God. I seek,—
To know thee always near;
To feel thy hand, to see thy face,
Thy blessed voice to hear.

Where'er I go, my God,
O, let me find thee there;
Where'er I stay, stay thou with me,
A presence everywhere.

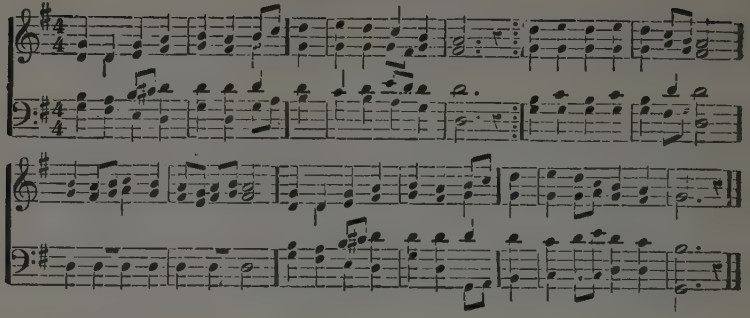
And if thou bringest peace,
Or if thou bringest pain,
But come thyself with all that comes,
And all shall go for gain.

Long listening to thy words,
My voice shall catch thy tone,
And, locked in thine, my hand shall grow
All loving like thine own.

B. T.

170 Never far. *Boylston*. 32.

Forever with the Lord!
So, Father, let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'T is immortality!



Here in the body pent,
Seeking for thee I roam;
And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

And then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

J. Montgomery.

171. **Thine.** *Laban*, 33.

Blest be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself
And for that love obey.

O thou, our souls' dear Hope,
We to thy goodness fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign,
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

J. AUSTIN.

172. **Yes, for me.** *Benneson*, 44.

Yes, for me, for me he careth,
With a Father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he beareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And, to cover me, he spreadeth
His protecting wing of might.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, even me, even me, he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my longing soul he filleth,
Here, and through eternity.

H. BONAR.

173. **The retreat.** *Hamburg*, 12.

Now, hushing every adverse sound,
Songs of defence my soul surround,
As if all saints encamped about
One trusting heart pursued by doubt.

And O, how solemn, yet how sweet,
Their one assured, persuasive strain!
"The Lord of Hosts is thy retreat,
Still in his hands thy times remain."

O tender word! O truth divine!
Lord, I am altogether thine;
I have bowed down, I need not flee;
Peace, peace is mine in trusting thee.

ANNA L. WARING.

174. **Rooted.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Noyes*, 38.

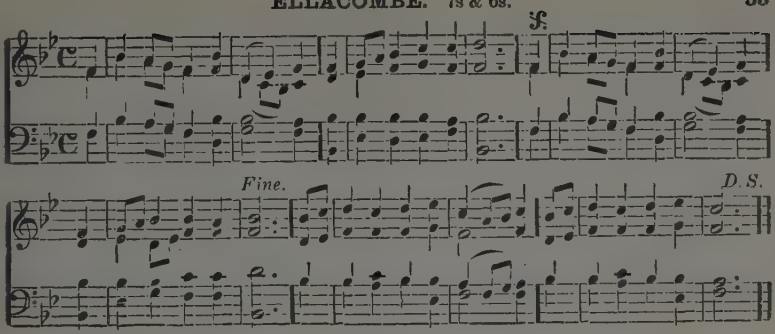
O thou Lord of heaven above!
Earth beneath is all thine own;
In the depths of heavenly love
Let my human heart be sown.

Where the silent waters flow,
It shall multiply its root;
It shall blossom, it shall grow,
It shall bear immortal fruit.

ANNA L. WARING.

175. **The peace of God.** *Azmon*, 20. *Balerma*, 21.

We ask not, Father, the repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.



That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee.

That peace which, through the billows' moan
And angry tempests' roar,
Sends forth its calm, unfaltering tone
Of joy forevermore.

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole

ANON.

176. The calm of the soul. *Whittier*, 62.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thee, Love Eternal!
There is a temple sacred evermore;
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in thee.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

177. Peace. *Germany*, 11.

In quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky;
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of his face.

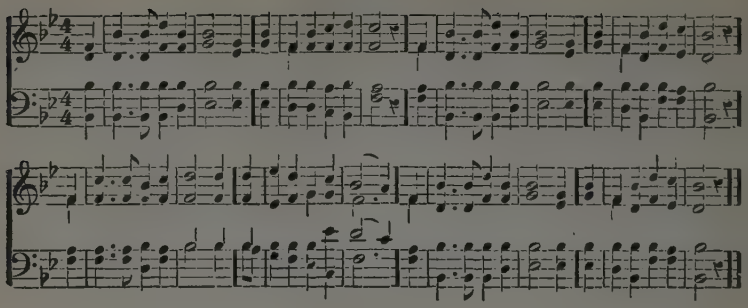
AUGUSTA LARNED.

178. Every good gift. *Ware*, 42.

Father, thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide!
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is every thought of bliss
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine;
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are thine.

And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne;
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, Righteous One!



Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

J. BOWRING.

179. All in all.

Old 132, 29.
Dundee, 22.

O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow thee through unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart;
Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest!
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And Time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home!

F. L. HOSMER.

180. Happy life.

Stockwell, 49.
Benneson, 44.

LORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
That our happy life-time gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives;—
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above;
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depth of human love:

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer thee.

Hearty be our work and willing,
As to thee and not to men;
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is to give it thee again.

T. W. Fox-Blake.

181. Giving thanks.

Stephanos, 72.
(*Repeat first two lines.*)

MY God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

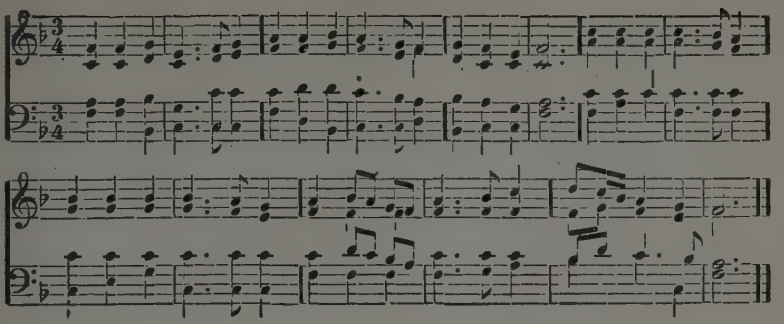
I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



182. **Daily mercies.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Conant*, 36.

TENDER mercies, on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to thee
Be an everlasting song!

ANNA L. WARING.

183. **All's well.** *Ezra*, 9.

ASK and receive,—'tis sweetly said;
Yet what to plead for know I not;
For wish is worsted, hope o'ersped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought.
If I would pray, I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still;
For him to live is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish his will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound!
Eternity each moment given!
What plummet may the Present sound?
Who promises a *future* heaven?
Or glad, or grieved, oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, or brightest day,
Still pours the flood of golden good,
And more than heartfull fills me aye.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;
"The wealth I am, must thou become;
Richer and richer, breath by breath,—
Immortal gain, immortal room!"
And since all his mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
And drowns the dream in larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning-star.

D. A. WASSON.

184. **God.** *Pisgah*, 47.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

185. **Deep on deep.** *St. Agnes*, 31. *Arlington*, 19

O GOD! thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

All lives may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand

F. W. FABER.

186. **In thy care.** *St. Agnes*, 31. *Balerma*, 21.

MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise:
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

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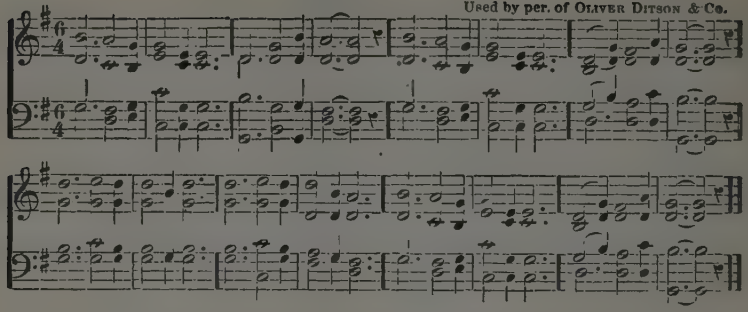


Mine be the reverent listening love
That waits all day on thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;

The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere!

ANNA L. WARING.

187. The heritage. *St. Agnes*, 31.

I HAVE a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see:
The Father's hand that makes it mine
Is keeping it for me.

I have a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be thus is best.

And a new song is in my mouth
To long loved music set,—
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere!

Anna L. Waring

188. Surprise. *Palestine*, 68

A LIVING, loving, lasting word,
My listening ear believing heard,
While bending down in prayer;
Like a sweet breeze that none can stay,
It passed my soul upon its way,
And left a blessing there.

Then joyful thoughts, that come and go
By paths the holy angels know,
Encamped around my soul:
As in a dream of blest repose,
Mid withered reeds a river rose,
And through the desert stole.

I lifted up my eyes to see—
The wilderness was glad for me,
My heart within was strong!
And sweeter, nearer, clearer heard,
It came, that everlasting word
Of promise and of song!

Anna L. Waring.

189. Hidden in light. *Palestine*, 68.

LOOK up, look up, my soul, still higher!
On to the heavenly goal aspire,
On God's love ever lean:
Burst this dull earth's control, and wing
Thy way where no clouds roll, and sing
In deeps of God unseen.

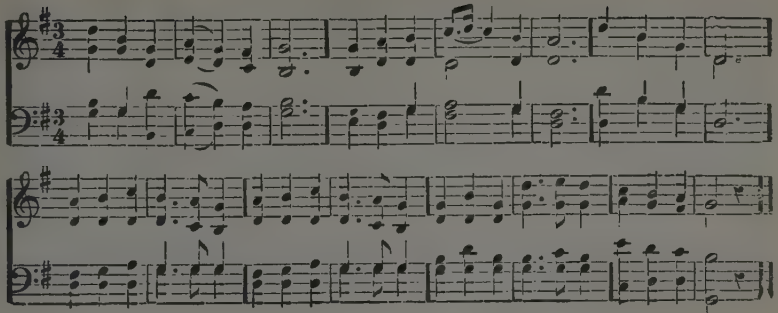
What though thy way be dark, and earth
With ceaseless care do cark, till mirth
To thee no sweet strain sings?
Still hide thy life above, and still
Believe that God is love; fulfil
Whatever lot he brings.

A. E. Evans.

190. Salvation. *Greenville*, 46.

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation!
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do and bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think what he hath done to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:



Faithful in thy earthly mission,
Faithful through thy pilgrim-days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte.

191. The happy pilgrim. *Hummel*, 23.

Faint not along thine earthly road,
Thou pilgrim soul of mine;
Still, still be gladsome in thy God,
Still sing thy song divine!

Doth life in all bright ways for thee
Its glory oft unroll?
O, take thy pleasures holily,
Sing unto God, my soul!

A dreary desert dost thou trace,
Dim shineth thy far goal?
That desert make thy Holy Place,
Pursue thy song, my soul!

When the glad Spirit's voice divine
Through thy stirred deeps doth roll,
When glows with faith that heart of thine,
Sing forth thy song, O soul!

T. H. Gill.

192. A travelling song. *Arlington*, 19.

I travel all the irksome night
By ways to me unknown;
I travel like a bird in flight,
Onward,—but not alone.

In secret paths God leads me on
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of love
Through all the heavenly road.

The ways most rugged and perplexed
He renders smooth and straight:
Through all the paths I'll sing his name,
Even unto heaven's gate.

ANON.

193. O'er seas of God. *Hebron*, 13. *Mann*, 14.

The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all worlds beyond the sun;
Through life and death, through fate, through time,
Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime.

A thread of Law runs through my prayer
Stronger than iron cables are;
And love and longing towards her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

O thou God's mariner, heart of mine!
Spread canvas to the airs divine!
Spread sail! and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

The wind ahead? The wind is free!
Forevermore it favoreth me:
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

For Life must live, and Soul must sail,
And Unseen over Seen prevail;
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage, or roar.

D. A. WASSON

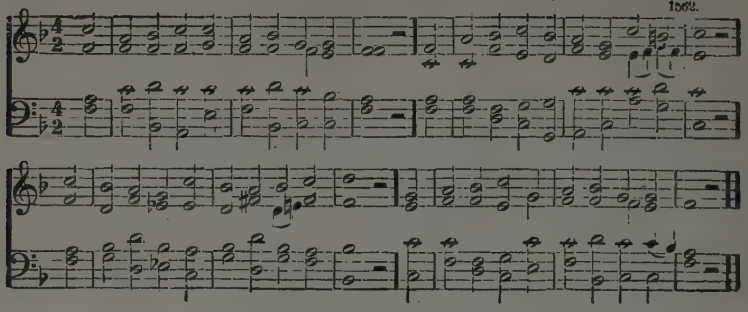
194. The will of God. *St. Agnes*, 31.

I worship thee, dear Will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for, come what will,
Thou always hast thy way.



Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will, ride on!
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

F. W. FABER.

195. Freedom. *Laban*, 33.

NAUGHT have I else to do,—
I sing the whole day long;
And he whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.

O, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To thee whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;

And feel thy mighty will
My willfulness control,
And learn, a prisoner of the Lord,
The freedom of the soul.

Madame Guyon.

196. My psalm. *Dundee*, 22. *Logan*, 25.

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

197. Blessedness. *Germany*, 11.

THERE is a something sweet and pure,—
Through life, through death it may endure;
With steady foot I onward press,
And long to win that Blessedness.

It hath no shadow, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright;
It bids each heart-born tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of Love,
In silence falling from above;
A conscience clear from willful sin,
That hath no subterfuge within:

Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour,—
These, these, my soul, make Blessedness.
I ask no more, I seek no less.

And yet I know these are too much;
My very being's life they touch:
Without them all, O, let me still
Find Blessedness in God's dear will.

MRS. L. J. HALL.

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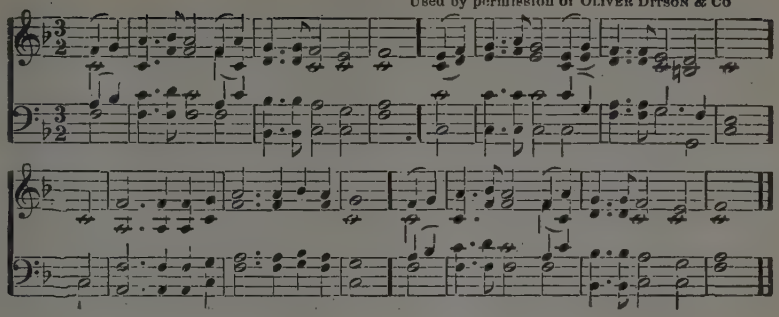


THE ONE IN ALL.

198. Creation's anthem. *Melton*, 59.

THE homeless winds that wander o'er the land,
The deep-voiced thunder speaking words of fire,
The waves that break in sunshine on the strand,
Or smite with stormy hands their rocky lyre;

The stars that blossom in the fields of night,
The buds that burst in beauty from the sod,
The birds that dip their wings in rainbow light,—
Are Nature's symphony to thee, O God!

And as Creation's anthem onward rolls
From age to age, in grandeur still the same,
The seals of silence break from human souls,—
Man sings new praises to thy holy name.

Our eyes are radiant with the glow of life,
Our hearts enfold those sapphire-deeps above,
Our ears grow deaf to all earth's foolish strife,
We join, far off, the angels' song of Love!

Albert Laighton.

199. All at worship. *Manoah*, 26. *Balerma*, 21.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star;

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
A prayerless heart in man.

J. G. WHITTIER.

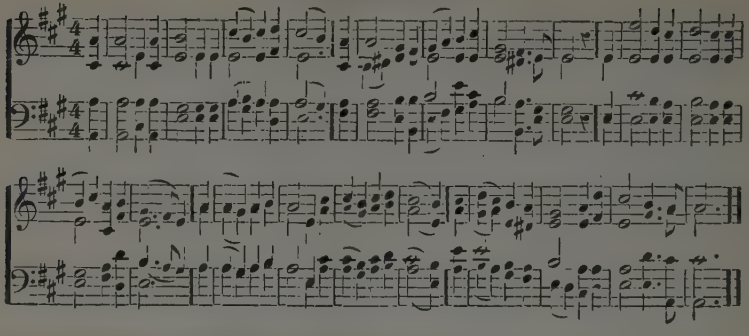
200. Hymn of Nature. *Nuremburg*, 39.

HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King·
Each a double tribute pays,—
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.



Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

J. AUSTIN.

201. Thoughts of God. *Ezra*, 9. (*Omit repeat.*) *Milton*, 15.

I saw the beauty of the world
Before me like a flag unfurled,
The splendor of the morning sky,
And all the stars in company;
I thought, How beautiful it is!—
My soul said, "There is more than this."

I saw the pomps of death and birth,
The generations of the earth;
I looked on saints and heroes crowned,
And love as wide as heaven is round;
I thought, How wonderful it is!—
My soul said, "There is more than this."

Sometimes I have an awful thought
That bids me do the thing I ought;
It comes like wind, it burns like flame;
How shall I give that thought a name?
It draws me like a loving kiss,—
My soul says, "There is more than this."

Yea, there is One I cannot see
Or hear, but he is Lord to me:
And in the heavens and earth and skies,
The good which lives till evil dies,
The love which I cannot withstand,
God writes his name with his own hand.

W. B. RANDS.

202. Angels. *Azmon*, 20.

Fair are the feet that bring the news
Of gladness unto me:
How many messengers God hath,
If we had eyes to see!

Thine angels speak, but still must we
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but our own lips
Must stoop to drink the flow.

Lo! all things are thine angels, Lord,
That bring my God to me:
O for the ear to hear their word!
O for the eye to see!

ANON.

203. Two worlds. *Dundee*, 22.

Two worlds are ours: and is it sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky?

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like his grace;
It steals in silence down,
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere!

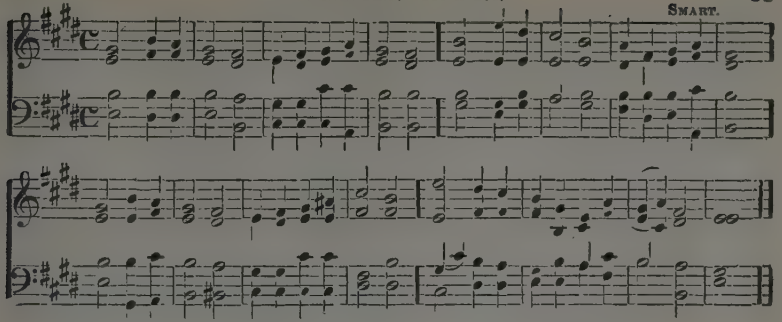
J. KEBLE.

204. The secret place. *Lloyd*, 24.

The Lord is in his Holy Place
In all things near and far:
Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April-land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed;

SMART.



He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought:
We find him not by seeking long,—
We lose him not, unsought.

W. C. GANNETT.

205. God is love. *Ware*, 42.

(*Omit repeat.*)

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance,—
All around, below, above,
Hath this record, "God is Love."

All the tender hopes that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, "God is Love."

ANON.

206. In all. *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea!
Maker of all above, below!
Creation lives and moves in thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light!"

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold:
Thine image and thyself are there,—
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. LONGFELLOW.

207. The Presence. *Hamburg*, 12.

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,—
The world without, the soul within,
Fountain of Life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in!

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy Spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar-fire.

That touch divine still Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. BEACH.

208. Indwelling. *Webb*, 54.

THE heavens thy praise are telling,
The earth declares thy might:
But nought save thine indwelling
Can show thee, Lord, aright.
Where'er our eyes are turning,
Thy foot-prints we can see;
The light within us burning
Alone revealeth *thee*.

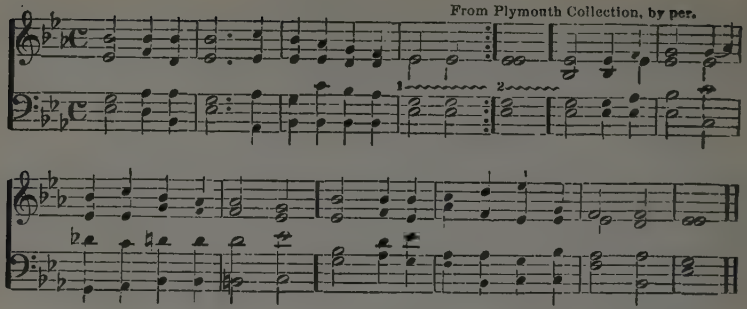
We know no life divided,
O Lord of Life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all humanity:
We know no death, O Spirit,
Because we live in thee,
And all our souls inherit
Thine immortality.

Anon.

209. Unfolding. *Ware*, 42.

O ETERNAL Life, whose power
Gathers ages to a span,
From whose being breaks the flower,
From whose glory groweth man,

From Plymouth Collection, by per.



By the whisper of whose breath
Atoms wake that seem but death,
With whose silent-working will
The eternal ages thrill—

Lord of Life, to heaven tower
Spires of being high and grand,
Till on man thou lay thy power
That he serve with heart and hand;
Till thou flood him with thy light
That he see thee with his sight,
Who art Reason, who art Right,
Majesty of Love and Might!

Not on earth the glory ends;
In unnumbered worlds it reigns;
From Eternity descends,
To Eternity remains.
When the things we hear and see
Vanish in life's mystery,
Still, all glories that can be
Wait in thine Infinity.

J. V. BLAKE.

210. Evolution.

Pleyel, 40.
Noyes, 38.

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Soul of Worlds, unspent and free,
Nature's uncreated Word,
Atom and Infinity!

Secret of the morning stars,
Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars
Of the coming spirit's powers!

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
Stand in nobler Man complete;
Prescient laws thine errands run,
Frame a shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, his wondering eye
Upward yearned, in joy or awe,
For the Love that waited nigh,
Guidance of thy guardian Law.

In the touch of earth it thrilled!
Down from mystic skies it burned!
Right obeyed and passion stilled
Its eternal gladness earned!

Still the immortal flame upspeeds,
Kindling worlds to pure desire:
Where the unerring Spirit leads,
Ages wonder and aspire.

S. JOHNSON.

211. Life of ages.

Pleyel, 4c.
Noyes, 38.

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

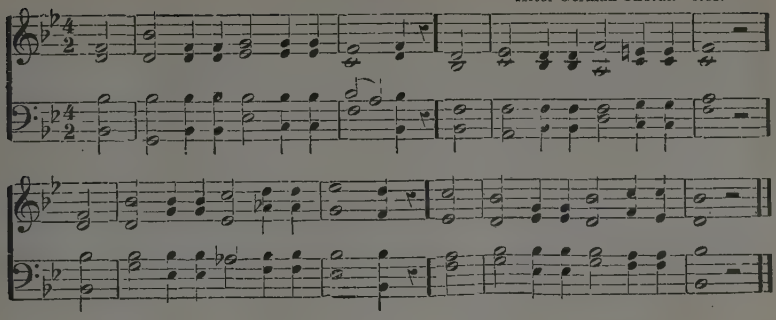
Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

S. JOHNSON.

212. "Consider the lilies." *Abdiel*, 51.

He hides within the lily
A strong and tender Care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

After German Choral. 1715.



We linger at the vigil
  With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
  In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
  And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
  God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
  Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
  But hints the angel-plan:
The flower-horizons open,
  The blossom vaster shows,
We hear thy wide worlds echo,
  "See how the lily grows!"

Shy yearnings of the savage,
  Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
  To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
  And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
  Thy purpose crowning all!

W. C. GANNETT.

213. All souls. *Germany*, 11.

O Love Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st:
Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

J. G. WHITTIER.

214. The city of God. *Hummel*, 23

City of God, how broad and far
  Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
  Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
  One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
  One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
  From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
  Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
  In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
  The Eternal City stands.

S. JOHNSON.

215. One holy Church. *Hummel*, 23.

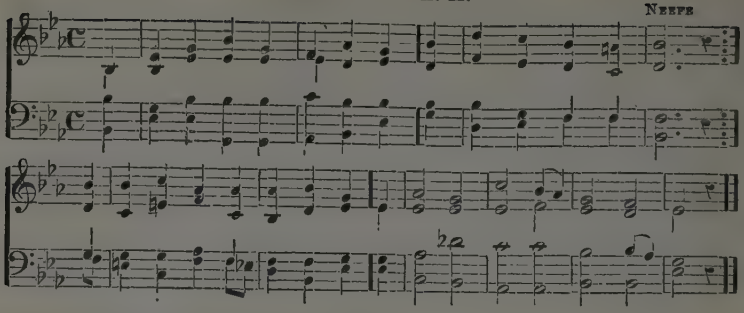
One holy Church of God appears
  Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
  Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
  Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
  With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
  To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
  Love, her communion-cup.

The Truth is her prophetic gift,
  The Soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
  Do make her pilgrimage.

S. LONGFELLOW.



216. The stream of faith. *St. Agnes*, 31.

FROM heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons,—
The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near
Towards which the river flows.
O thou, who art the secret Source
That rises in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean, too,—thy charm,
That ever deepening roll!

W. C. GANNETT

217. Heirship. *Nuremburg*, 39. *Noyes*, 38.

HEIR of all the ages, I,—
Heir of all that they have wrought!
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought!

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years;

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons hath given;

Aspirations pure and high;
Strength to do and to endure;
Heir of all the ages, I,—
Lo, I am no longer poor!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

218. Out of the dark. *Ward*, 18.

OUT of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

O sentinels! whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now; exchange with cheer the word,—
The unchanging watchword, Liberty!

Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds:
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

S. LONGFELLOW.

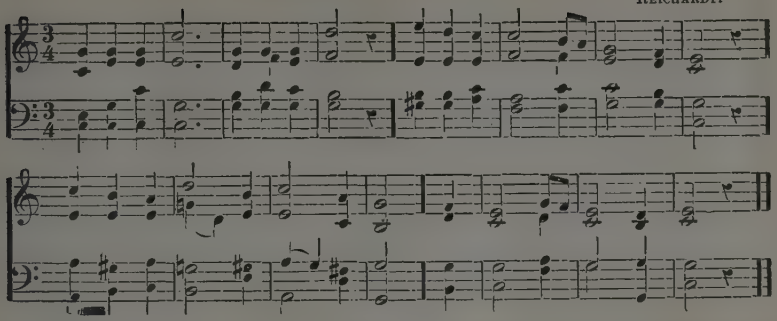
219. Old and new. *Hamburg*, 12.

O, SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

REICHARDT.



Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

J. G. WHITTIER.

220. **A song of faith.** *Arlington*, 19.

We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

F. L. HOSMER.

221. **With wider view.** *Germany*, 11.

With wider view come loftier goal!
With broader light, more good to see!
With freedom, more of self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,
To follow where thy Truth shall lead:
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!

S. LONGFELLOW.

222. **Onward!** *Sicily*, 48.
(*Repeat lines 3, 4.*)

Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new diviner thing!
Onward, onward!
Why this faithless tarrying?

By each saving word unspoken,
By thy truth, as yet half won,
By each idol yet unbroken,
By thy will, yet poorly done,
Hear us, help us,
Thou Almighty, help us on!

Nearer to thee would we venture,
Of thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break;
To the ages
Some bequest of victory make!

T. H. Gill.

223. **For the new earth.** *Laban*, 33.

Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown,
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down!

Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, O send down!

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy living love send down!

Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down!

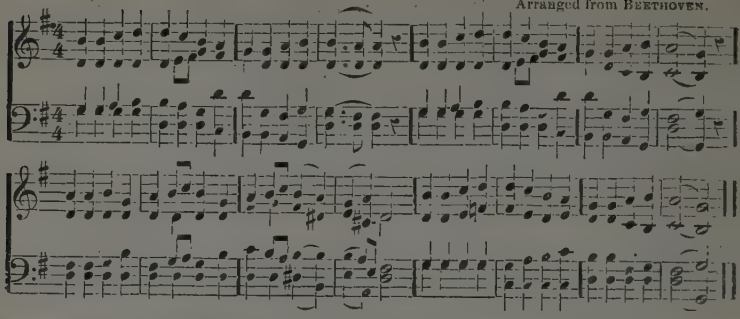
E. R. SILL.

224. **The dawn.** *Azmon*, 20.

Lo, on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall,
But faith shall burn undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all!

This is the dawn of infant faith;
The day will follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with freer breath
And morn be lost in noon.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.



For to the seed that's sown to-day
A harvest-time is given,
When charity, with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven.

BREVIARY.

225. 'Thy kingdom come.' *Marlow*, 27.

THY kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Now to our souls bring in!

The kingdom of established peace
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of Godliness,
The omnipotence of Love!

C. WESLEY.

226. Eden. *Noyes*, 38.

ALL before us lies the way,—
Give the past unto the wind!
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

THE "DIAL."

227. Glory that remains. *St. Agnes*, 31.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth Love.

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;—
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

J. G. WHITTIER.

228. A creed. *Credo*, 45.

I BELIEVE in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.

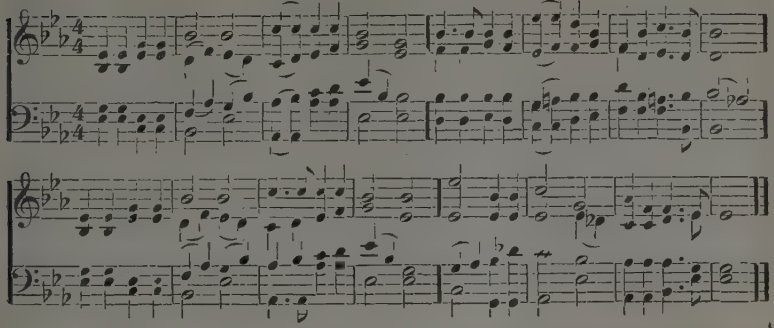
I believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost,—I do believe.

I believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still!
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph,—I believe.

"Good Words."



FESTIVALS.

229. **All seasons.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Noyes*, 38.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;—

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

230. **Spring.** *Azmon*, 20.

THE softened mould is brown and warm,
The early blossoms break,
And loosened streams along their banks
A mossy verdure make.

A dewy light broods o'er the earth,
A sweetness new and rare,
And tumults of brook, bird and breeze
With music wake the air.

Awake, O Heart, awake and learn
The secret of the Spring!
From winter-sleep it comes like light,
Or as a bird on wing.

And if I shall be winter-locked,
As sometime I may be;
If bitter storms and freezing snows
Come whirling down on me—

Let me lie patient, like the earth,
And say, "This shall be rest;"
And then, O Lord, at thy dear call,
Arise renewed and blest.

J. V. BLAKE.

231. **Summer.** *Channing*, 58.

THE sun darts down his sheaf of golden rays;
Earth answers with her sheaves of golden grain;
And vapors, like sweet incense, spread a haze
Of quivering shadow on the blooming plain.

As soon as come thy living beams, O Sun,
O summer Sun, thy fervent, living powers,
The earth is stirred, the sterile days are done,
And glowing life pervades the radiant hours.

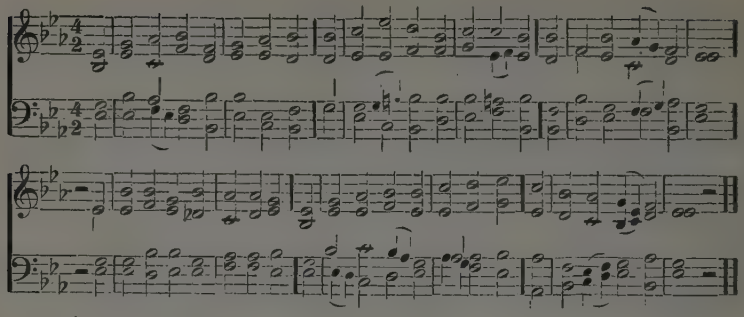
So God's great love pours down upon the heart:
Answer, O Heart! bring forth thy ripened sheaves!
Love, praise and duty be thy fervent part,
Like to the living love thy soil receives.

J. V. BLAKE.

232. **Summer days.** *Lloyd*, 24.

THE summer days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover-fields;

And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy words
Of love and joy and prayer.



The summer days are come again,
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing:
We *know* who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim:
For summer joy in field and wood
We lift our song to him.

S. LONGFELLOW.

233. Harvest. *Ward*, 18.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

O favors every year made new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

Now let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

J. G. WHITTIER.

234. Harvests. *Harvest*, 63.

Now sing we a song for the Harvest:
Thanksgiving and honor and praise
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days!

For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the prairie
To delver and husbandman yield!

And thanks for the harvest of Beauty,—
For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold!

We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,—
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of Duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free:

And these have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honor and gain,
And some as with heart's-blood are ruddy,
The harvests of Sorrow and Pain.

O thou, who art Lord of the Harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
Thanksgiving and honor and praise!

J. W. CHADWICK.

235. Under the leaves. *Balerma*, 21. *St. Agnes*, 31.

Oft have I walked the woodland paths
With heart unblest to know
That underneath the withered leaves
The sweet flowers wait to blow.

But when the south winds sweep away
The wrecks of Autumn's gold,
And fresh and fair the flowers of Spring
Their starry hosts unfold,—

O prophet-souls with lips of bloom!
Your silence, more than speech,
Fills all the woody aisles, like songs
That faith and duty teach.

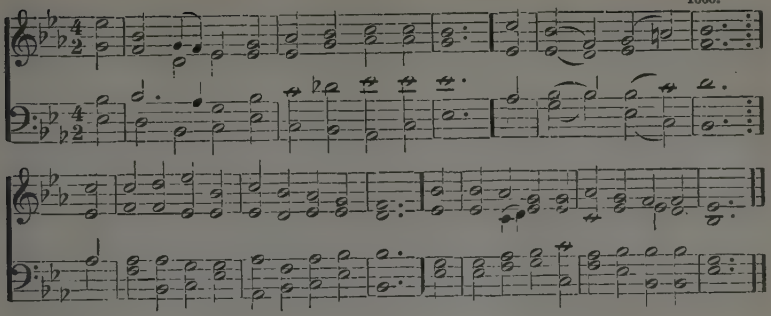
Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
And ever this foreknow,—
That, where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers grow!

A. Leighton.

236. Winter. *Hebron*, 13.

'Tis winter now: the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

1660.



And yet thy love is not withdrawn;
Thy life within the keen air breathes,
Thy beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Still warmly in thine arms enfold
And keep us through life's wintry days!

S. LONGFELLOW.

237. Another year. *Azmon*, 20.

Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By Winter's snow concealed.

Another year of Summer's glow,
Of Autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at Beauty's feast,
At every moment spread;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God!

J. W. CHADWICK.

238. "Happy new year." *Nuremburg*, 39.

Backward looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit-wings
Downward through the silent air.

Hark! through all their music sweet
Hear you not a voice of cheer?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
"Happy be the coming year!"

Father, comes that voice from thee!
Swells it with thy meaning vast,—
Good in all thy Future stored,
Fairer than in all the Past!

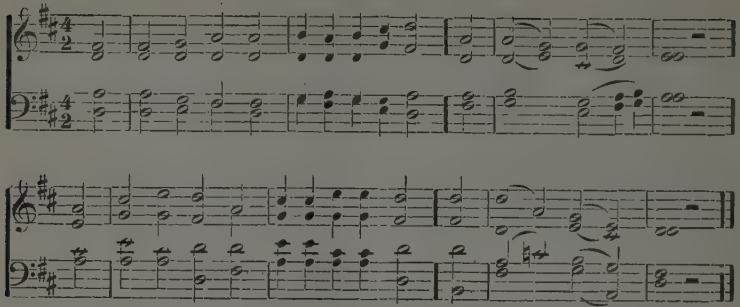
J. W. CHADWICK.

239. Christmas. *Vesper*, 50.

Now the joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Of the Christ-child long ago.
Hark! we hear again the chorus
Echoing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

Out of every clime and people
Under every holy name,
Is the everlasting gospel
Good and glad for aye the same:
So we, in our happy Christmas,
Breathe the universal creed,
Clasping hands with distant ages
In a brotherhood indeed.

Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices!
Shout, O new world, free and strong!
Hail of Light the deathless triumph,
Join the old world's birthday song,—



"Glory be to God the Highest!
Peace on earth, Good Will to men!"
'Twas the morning stars that pealed it,—
Let the world respond again.

Mrs. M. N. Meigs. (*v. i.*)

240. **The chant sublime.** *Mann*, 14.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

241. **"Peace on earth."** *Lloyd*, 24.

STILL through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still the angels' music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.

242. **Christmas gifts.** *Old 132*, 29.

LONG, long ago, in manger low
Was cradled from above
A little child, in whom God smiled
His Christmas gift of Love.
O, hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong!
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
And Peace began her song.

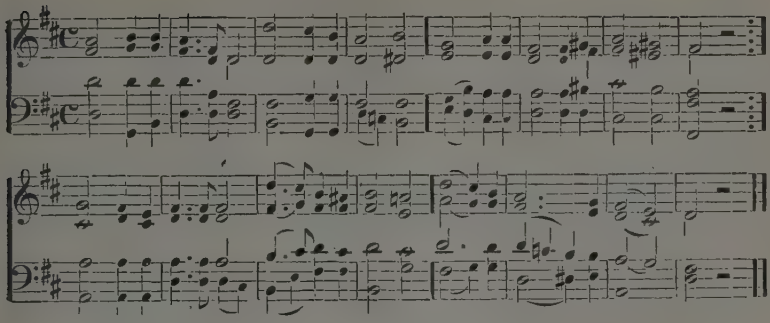
Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness,
And poverty and woe,—
Behold the manger, rude and strange,
In which a Christ-child lies!
O welcome guest, thy cradle-nest
Is always God's surprise!

For trouble, cold and dreary care
Are angels in disguise,
And, greeted fair with trust and prayer,
As Peace and Love they rise:
Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came;
They stand outside our hearts and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.

Jane Andrews.

243. **National hymn.** *America*, 55.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!



My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,—
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

244. **Our country.** *America*, 55.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee:
On thee we wait!
Be her walls, Holiness;
Her rulers, Righteousness;
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State!

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

245. **Our nation.** *America*, 55.

Gone are the great and good,
Who here in peril stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

We now, our fathers' God,
Stand where our fathers trod,
Where sleeps their dust:
Their high fidelity,
Their love of liberty,
The faith that made them free,
Our sacred trust!

And on, from sire to son,
O High and Holy One,
That faith descend!
While life shall ebb and flow,
New centuries come and go,
Still may our children know
Our country's Friend!

J. Pierpont. (*v. r.*)

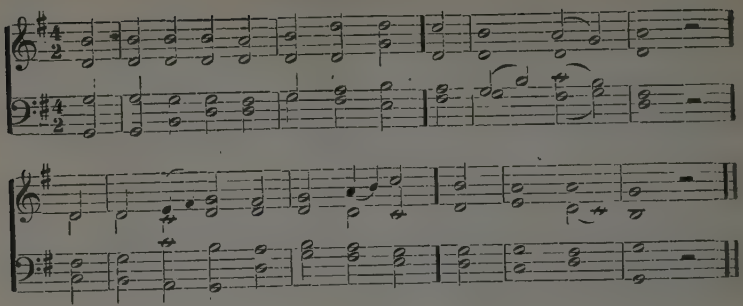
246. **Fatherland.** *Union*, 73.

To thee, O Fatherland,
Bond of our heart and hand,
From love deep, pure and strong
Rolls our high song.
May all thy pathways be
Highways of Liberty,
And Justice, throned in thee,
Reign ages long!

And thou, O God of Right,
The Lord, whose arm of might,
In storm and battle-roar,
Our Fathers bore—
Thou mad'st their children strong
To break the chains of wrong,
Till rang the Freeman's song
From shore to shore.

Free as our rivers flow,
Pure as our breezes blow,
Strong as our mountains stand,
Be our broad land!
Bright home of Liberty,
High hope of all the free—
Our love thy watch-tower be,
Dear Fatherland!

J. V. BLAKE.



PRAISE.

247. **Praise.** *Ward*, 18.

We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs!
High as the heavens our voices raise!
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

I. Watts.

248. **A psalm of praise.** *Channing*, 58.

We praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray,
We praise thee with the fading light of day;
All things that live and move, by sea and land,
Forever ready at thy service stand.

Thy nations all are singing night and day,
"Glory to thee, the mighty God, for aye!
By thee, through thee, in thee all beings are!"
The listening earth repeats the song afar.

Thy hallowed name, thy kingdom, in us dwell;
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well;
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour:
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power!

Franck.

249. **Praise the Lord.** *Nuremburg*, 39.

All ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise!

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love!
Praise him, from the depths beneath!
Praise him in the heights above!
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

J. MONTGOMERY.

250. **All ye creatures.** *Praise*, 74. *Sicily*, 48. (*Repeat third line.*)

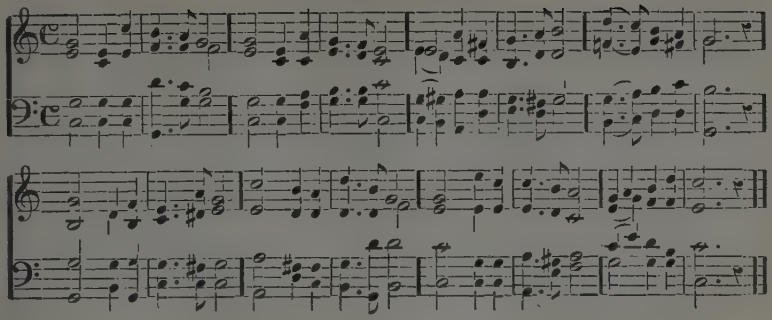
Angels holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living Nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright, night and noon-light
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Ocean hoary, tell his glory:
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rock and highland, wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

BAVARIAN.



Rolling river, praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Bond and free man, land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Praise him ever, Bounteous Giver!
Praise him, Father, Friend and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

J. S. BLACKIE.

251. Te deum. *Dundee*, 22.

O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

"O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!"

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty!

EARLY CHRISTIAN HYMN.

252. Holy, holy, holy! *Nicæa*, 67.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of erring man thy glory may not see!
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works do praise thy name in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

R. Heber.

253. Hallelujah. *Old Hundred*, 17.

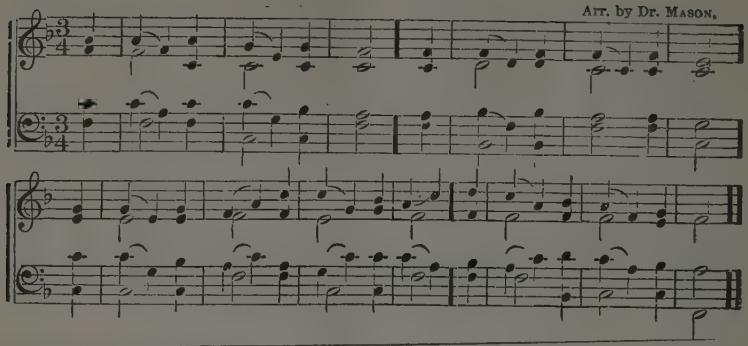
From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Eternal Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
The Truth thine everlasting Word!
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

I. Watts.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



254. Dedication Hymn of All Souls Church.

Lloyd, 24. *Invitation*, 73 B.

Like stars upon a troubled sea
Shine out the altars fair,
Where longings of the centuries
Have voiced themselves in prayer.
A guide to tempted, wandering hearts,
A strength in sorrow's hour,
A peace within the common lives
They touched with holy power.

We seek the good those altars held,
Yet read their message clear,
To loyally receive the light
God sends us now and here.
Within these walls may worship fill
Our waiting souls anew,
A present help within our lives
To make them pure and true.

Eternal Life, whose love Divine
Enfolds us each and all,
We know no other truth than Thine,
We heed no other call.
O may we serve in thought and deed
Thy kingdom yet to be,
When truth and righteousness and love
Shall lead all souls to Thee.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

255. Dedication Hymn.

Webb, 54.

He laid his rocks in courses;
His trees grew on the hill;
He yoked his ancient forces
And lent them to our will;
By arts that flowered and faded
He graced the builder's thought;
And thus the temple's beauty
The God of Ages wrought.

Within the Soul uprises
The temple's counterpart.
Its stones of holy purpose
Are quarried in the heart;
Its towers are faith and worship,
Peace and good-will its plan,
Its windows heaven-lighted,
Its doors wide love to man.

The prayers, to words outbreaking,
In those still courts begin;
The songs we sing are echoes
Of unheard song within.
Work on, O Silent Builder,
Perfect thy inner shrine,
Till prayer be ceaseless serving,
And song the life divine!

W. C. GANNETT.

256. The Creed of Life.

Hebron, 13.

Canons and rubrics own I none,
Save one upon the granite writ;
"I Lord of Lords have fashioned it,
And graved it with my rains and sun."

One creed low whispered everywhere
I take unto my soul like fire;
Till flashing through me with desire,
The world is molten in my prayer.

"It is my beating heart." I turn,
I face the stream, I brave the hills,
With the same word the bird's breast fills,
With the same God the bushes burn.

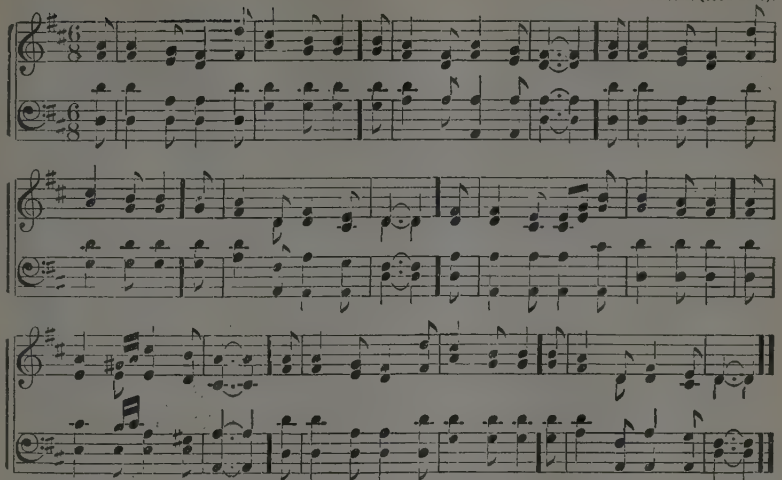
JOHN TUNIS.

257. On the Mount.

Mann, 14.

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Arr. from LUDWIG SPOHR (1784-1859).



Lord, it is good abiding here—
We cry, the heavenly presence near:
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through weary days
We travel our appointed ways.

The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
Wherein a nobler life shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. HOSMER.

258. I Am so Weak. *Dennis*, 73A.

Father, I am so weak!
Let me Thy presence feel,
Take now my tired hands in Thine
And bless me as I kneel.

Renew my failing strength,
And teach me how to rise,
And, bearing all my heavy load,
To seek Thy bluer skies.

Let me not wait nor stay,
Nor to the past return,
But kindle still my fainting heart
With zeal anew to burn,

Till I shall see Thy love
In every cross I bear;
And, keeping close my hands in Thine,
Shall trust Thee everywhere.

J. E. MCCAINE.

259. Refracted Lights.

Invitation, 73B.

The evening star that softly sheds
Its tender light on me,
Hath other place in the heavenly blue
Than that I seem to see.
Too faint and slender is that beam
To keep its pathway true,
In the vast space of cloud and mist
It seeks an exit through.

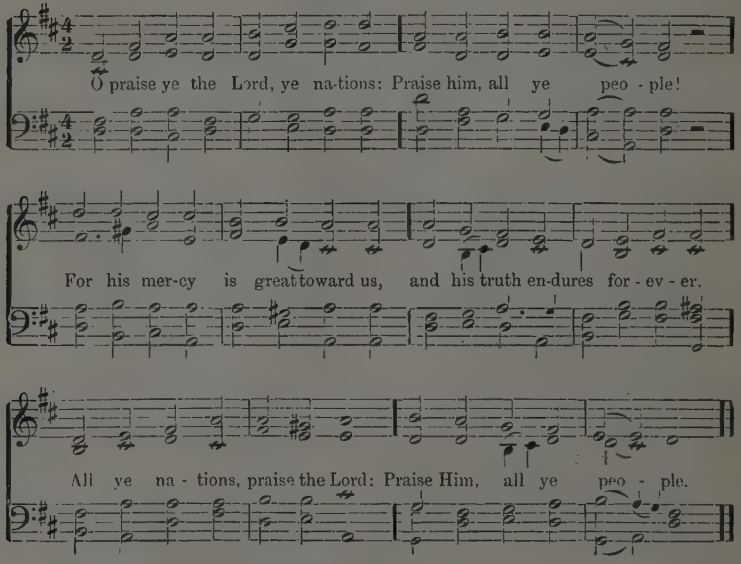
Nor light of star, nor truth of God,
Through earth-born clouds and doubt,
Can straightway pierce the hearts of men
And drive the darkness out.
On bent, misshapen lines of faith
We backward strive to trace
The love and glory that we ne'er
Could look on face to face.

Each fails, through dim and wandering sight,
The vision whole to see,
But none are there so poor and blind
But catch some glimpse of Thee,—
Some knowledge of the better way,
And of that life divine,
Of which our yearning hope is both
The prophecy and sign.

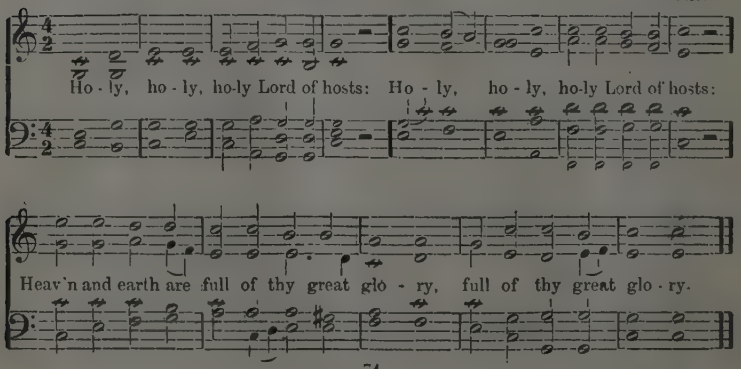
CELIA P. WOOLLEY

Anthems and Chorals for the Congregation.

I. PRAISE. (Ps. cxvii.)

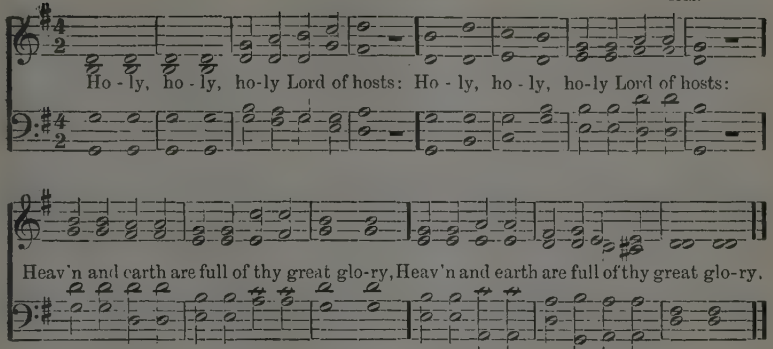

O praise ye the Lord, ye na-tions: Praise him, all ye peo - ple!
For his mer-cy is great toward us, and his truth en-dures for - ev - er.
All ye na - tions, praise the Lord: Praise Him, all ye peo - ple.

II. TRISAGION. 1680.

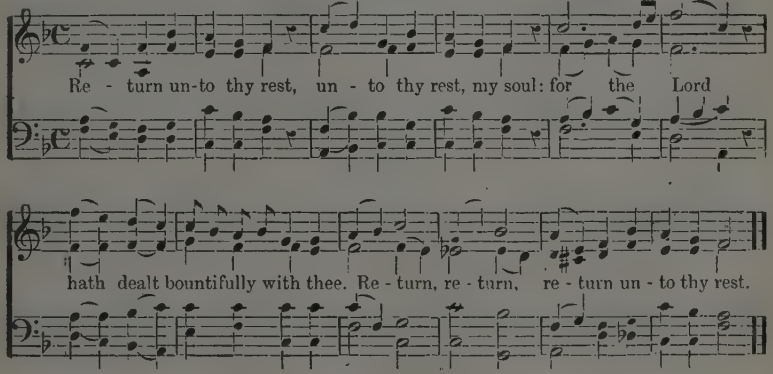

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly Lord of hosts: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly Lord of hosts:
Heav'n and earth are full of thy great glo - ry, full of thy great glo - ry.

III. TRISAGION.

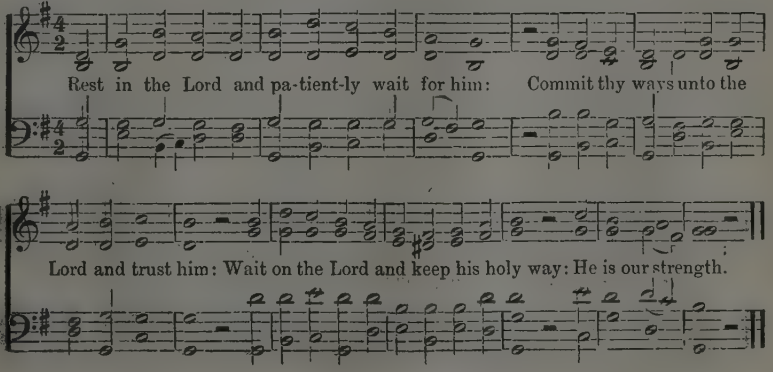
1562.

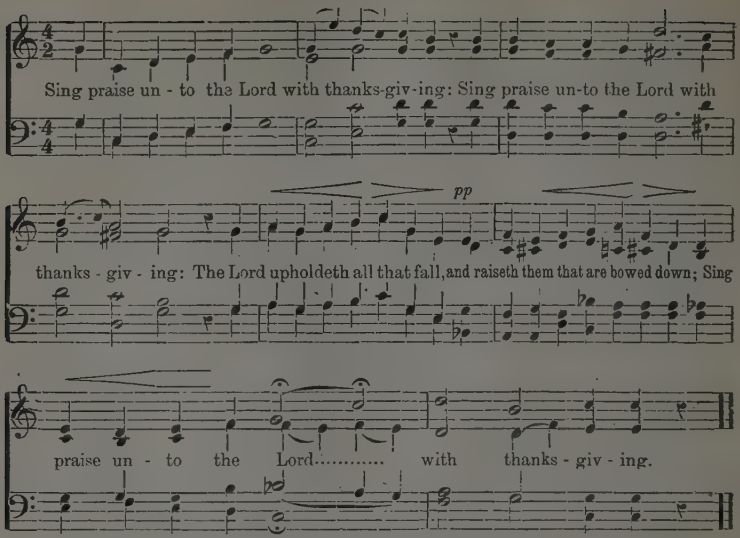

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly Lord of hosts: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly Lord of hosts:
Heav'n and earth are full of thy great glo-ry, Heav'n and earth are full of thy great glo-ry.

IV. RETURN UNTO THY REST. (Ps. cxvi. 7.)

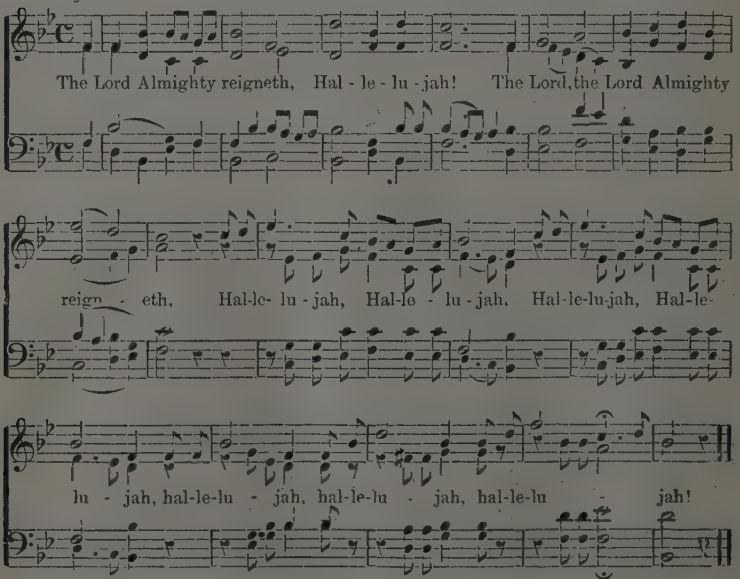

Re - turn un-to thy rest, un - to thy rest, my soul: for the Lord
hath dealt bountifully with thee. Re - turn, re - turn, re - turn un - to thy rest.

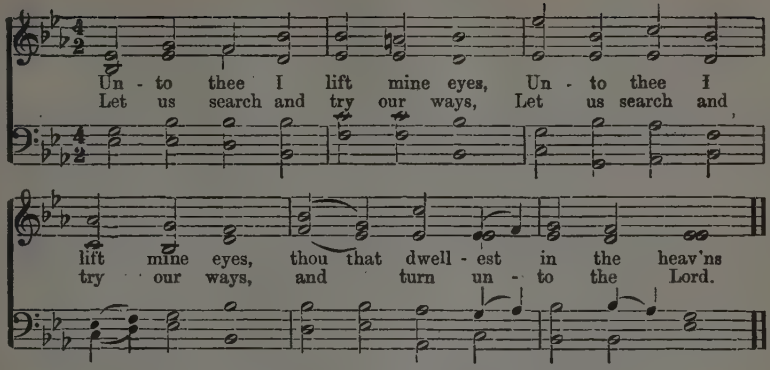
V. WAIT PATIENTLY.


Rest in the Lord and pa-tient-ly wait for him: Commit thy ways unto the
Lord and trust him: Wait on the Lord and keep his holy way: He is our strength.

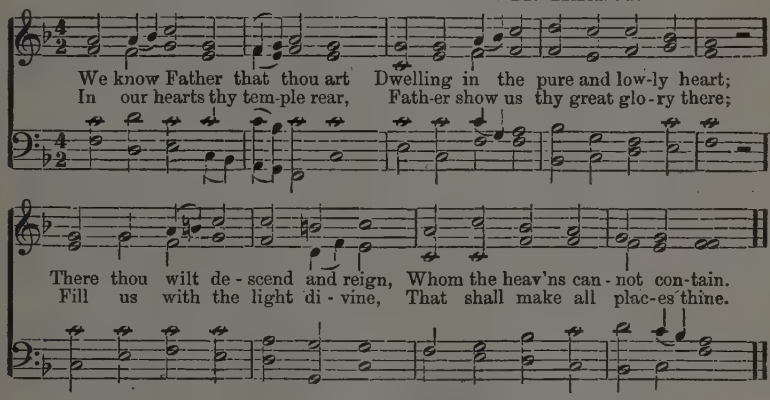

Sing praise un - to the Lord with thanks-giv-ing: Sing praise un-to the Lord with
pp
thanks - giv - ing: The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth them that are bowed down; Sing
praise un - to the Lord..... with thanks - giv - ing.

VII. THE LORD REIGNETH.

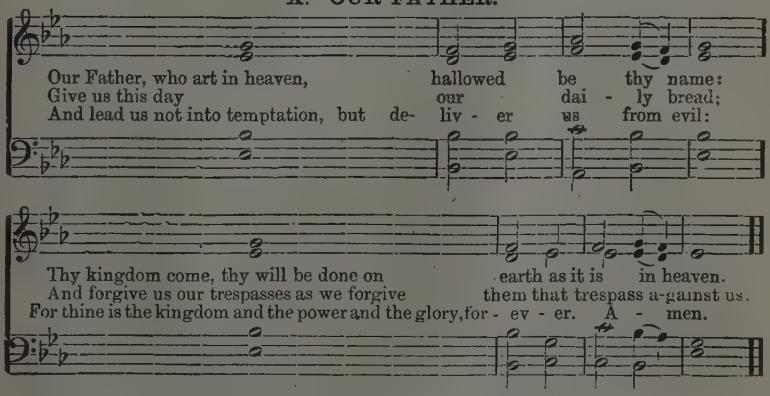

Allegro.
The Lord Almighty reigneth, Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord, the Lord Almighty
reign - eth, Hal-le- lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-
lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah!

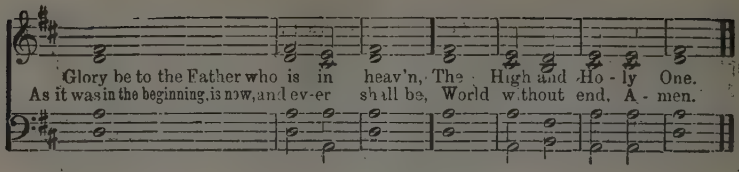

Un - to thee I lift mine eyes, Un - to thee I
Let us search and try our ways, Let us search and
lift mine eyes, thou that dwell - est in the heav'ns
try our ways, and turn un - to the Lord.

IX. BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

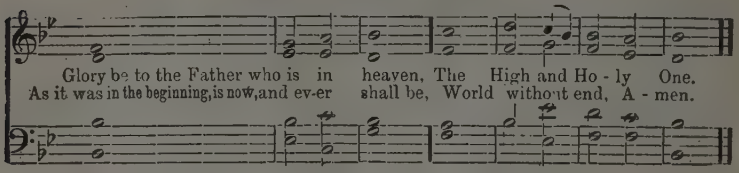

We know Father that thou art Dwelling in the pure and low-ly heart;
In our hearts thy tem-ple rear, Fath-er show us thy great glo-ry there;
There thou wilt de - scend and reign, Whom the heav'ns can - not con-tain.
Fill us with the light di - vine, That shall make all plac-es thine.

X. OUR FATHER.


Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name:
Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
And lead us not into temptation, but de- liv - er us from evil:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass a-gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for - ev - er. A - men.


Glory be to the Father who is in heav'n, The High and Ho - ly One.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, World without end, A - men.

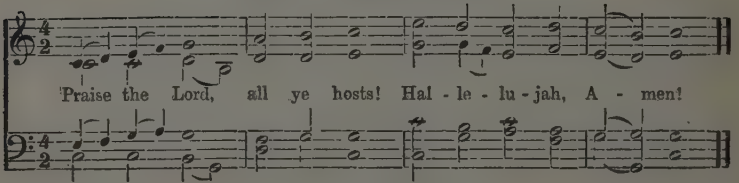
XII. GLORIA PATRI.


Glory be to the Father who is in heaven, The High and Ho - ly One.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, World without end, A - men.

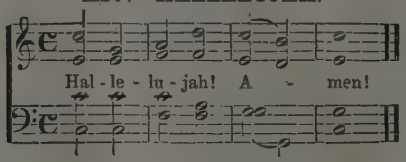
Or these words:

Be thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens,
And thy glory be | over | all the | earth!
All the ends of the world shall | worship | thee,
And glorify thy | Holy | Name. Amen.

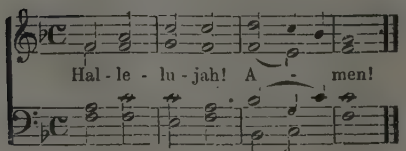
XIII. HALLELUJAH.



XIV. HALLELUJAH.



XV. HALLELUJAH.



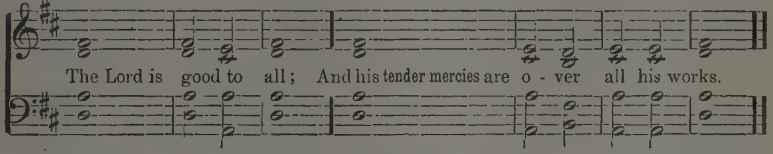
CHORAL RESPONSES.

To be sung by the congregation, or by the choir; or, if preferred, to be *read* by the congregation.
See the Orders of Service suggested on page 4 of the Preface.

I. NIGH UNTO ALL.

Minister. O, come, let us sing unto the Lord. Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving, and be joyful of heart before him. He is nigh unto all that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

People.



Minister. Thus saith the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the hearts of the contrite ones.

People. The Lord is | good to | all;
And his tender mercies are | over | all his | works.

Minister. Can a woman forget her child? Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee, saith our God.

People. The Eternal God | is our | refuge:
Underneath us are the | ever- | lasting | arms.

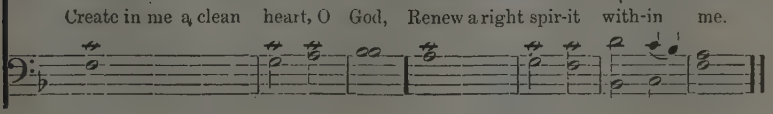
Minister. Neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God. Trust in him at all times, ye people: pour out your hearts before him.

People. Trust ye in the | Lord for | ever:
For in the Lord, the Eternal, is | ever- | lasting | strength.

II. THE OFFERING.

Minister. Wherewith shall we come before the Lord, and bow ourselves before the Most High? He hath shown us in our hearts what is good, and what it is he doth require: to do justly; to love mercy; and to walk humbly with our God.

People.



Minister. If thou bring thy prayer to the altar and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, go thy way! First be reconciled to thy brother,—then come and offer thy prayer unto God. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

People. Search me, O God, and | know my | heart,
Try | me and | know my | thoughts.

Minister. And when ye stand praying, forgive if ye have aught against any; that your Father, also, who is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.

People. Search me, O God, and | know my | heart;
Try | me and | know my | thoughts.

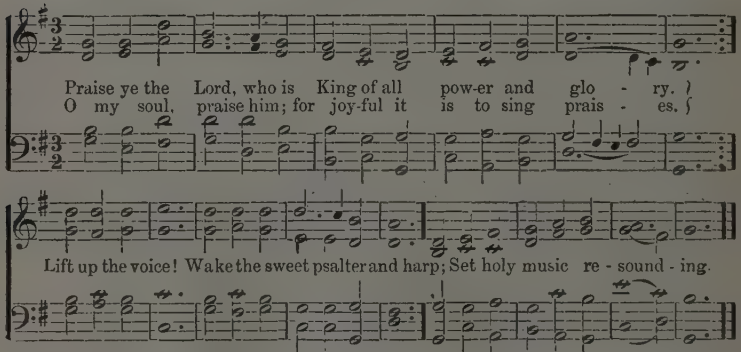
Minister. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good repute, whatever virtue there is, and whatever praise,—let us think on these things.

People. O, worship the Lord in the | beauty...of | holiness:
Serve him with | gladness, | all the | earth.

III. TENDER MERCIES.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

People.


Praise ye the Lord, who is King of all pow-er and glo - ry.
O my soul, praise him; for joy-ful it is to sing prais - es.
Lift up the voice! Wake the sweet psalter and harp; Set holy music re - sound - ing.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thy sins, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds: he telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names.

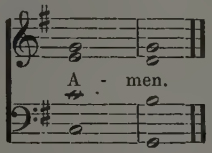
People. Praise ye the Lord, who with majesty ruleth in all things;
Who thee preserves and upbears as on pinions of eagles;
Who thee upholds when by thyself thou wouldst fall.
Verily, hast thou not known it?

Minister. O Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters! They come trooping upon us! They break forth like mighty waters on every side! O, make thy goodness, health and strength unto us, that we may be thankful, dutiful and holy.

People. Praise ye the Lord, and behold with thine eyes all his mercies:
Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

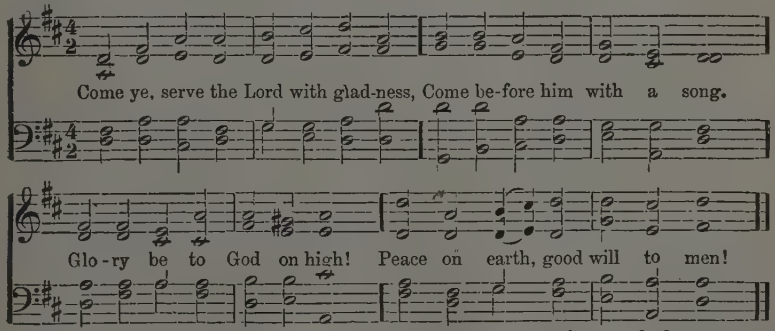
People.



IV. IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE.

Minister. I was glad when my companions said unto me, Come, it is our holy day; let us go into the house of the Lord; let us take sweet counsel together; let our feet stand within his gates, and heart and voice give thanks unto him. Peace to young and old that enter here, peace to every soul herein! The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace.

People.



Minister. Blessed be the Lord God that giveth beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid? It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

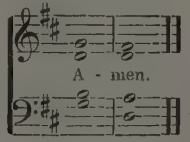
People. Make not haste in time of trouble:
Patiently wait for the Lord.
We know all things work for good
Unto them that love the Lord.

Minister. Blessed be the Lord God of Ages, who never ceaseth to draw more nigh! His voice in the morning of the world was heard from afar: in the evening he speaketh at the door, and entereth to abide with us forever. Manifold are thy witnesses, O God, and the angels of thine invisible presence: else had we never known thee. Lo! thou goest by us, and we see thee not: but the firmament declareth thy glory; the prophets proclaim thy judgments; the righteous wonder at thy law in their hearts; the patient find thee in the secret places of their sorrow, and their songs break out in melody to thee.

People. Holy, holy Lord Almighty,
Earth declares thy majesty,
And thy glory fills the heavens:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Minister. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. For he is our God; we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

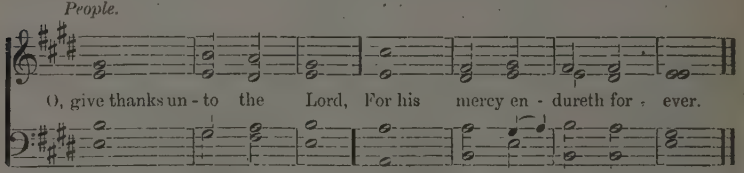
People. Come ye, serve the Lord with gladness,
Come before him with a song:
Glory be to God on high!
Peace on earth, good will to men!



V. THE REFUGE.

Minister. Blessed be God, the God who helpeth us; who beareth our burdens day by day. The Lord meeteth him that with rejoicing worketh righteousness, that remembereth him in his way. In all our ways let us acknowledge him, and he shall direct our paths.

People.



Minister. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God! I shall yet praise him,—him my Deliverer, and my God!

People. His righteousness is like the | high... | mountains:
His | justice | is a...great | deep.

Minister. When I am in heaviness, I will think upon God: a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.

People. Thou wilt keep him in | perfect | peace,
Whose | mind is | stayed on | thee.

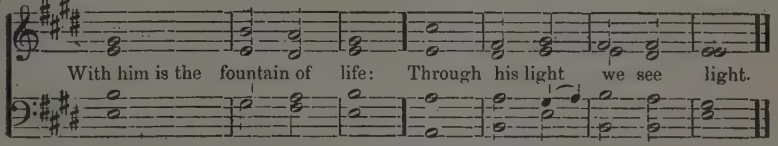
Minister. The Eternal is an Everlasting God. He fainteth not, neither is weary: and to them that have no might, he giveth abundant strength. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.

People. O give thanks un | to the | Lord,
For his | mercy...en- | dureth...for- | ever.

VI. THE STRENGTH OF THE HEAVENS AND THE HEART.

Minister. There is one God and Father of all, above all, and through all, and in us all: in him we live and move and have our being: of him and through him and to him are all things.

People.



Minister. The heavens declare his glory; the firmament showeth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth wisdom, night unto night showeth knowledge.

People. O Lord, how manifold | are thy | works:
In wisdom | hast thou | made them | all.

Minister. Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they whose ways are pure, who walk in the path of his commandments. Blessed are they who keep his statutes and who seek him with the whole heart.

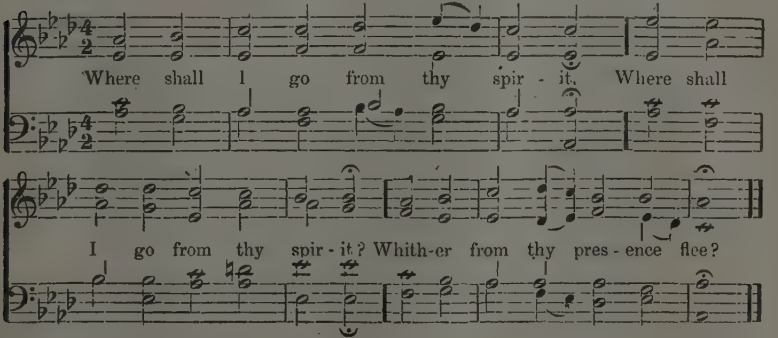
People. Blessed is the man whose | strength...is in | thee:
In | whose heart | are thy | ways.

Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

VII. THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS.

Minister. O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me! Thou knowest my sitting-down and my rising-up: thou understandest my thoughts from afar: thou seest my path and my lying-down, and art acquainted with all my ways. Before the word is upon my tongue, behold, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether! Thou besettest me behind and before, and layest thine hand upon me! Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain to it.

People.



Minister. If I ascend into the heavens, thou art there. If I make my bed in the depths, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

People. Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.

Minister. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me,—even the night shall be light about me!

People. Yea, the darkness hides not from thee,
But the night shineth like day.

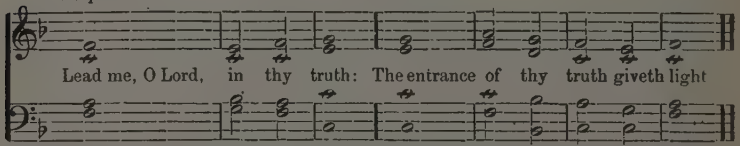
Minister. How precious to me are thy thoughts, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I count them, they outnumber the sands. When I awake, I am still with thee! Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

People. See if there be evil in me;
Lead me in thine holy way.

VIII. THE SONS OF GOD.

Minister. Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you: for the Spirit of Truth will guide us into all truth, and we shall know the truth, and the truth will make us free.

People.



Minister. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts also, and given us the earnest of the Spirit within us whereby we lay hold of eternal life. This is the light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world: and as many as receive it, to them it giveth power to become the Sons of God.

People. Lead us, O Lord | in thy | truth:
Let thy truth pre- | serve us | ever- | more.

Minister. Jesus said: For this cause came I into the world, and to this end was I born,—that I should bear witness to the truth, and work the works of him that sent me. And if any one desires to come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross; for I came not to do mine own will, but the will of the Father that sent me: and whosoever will do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister.

People. They shall | know the | truth:
And the | truth shall | make them | free.

Minister. For the Spirit teacheth all things, even the deep things of God.

People. Even the deep | things of | God.
And his | truth shall | make us | free.
Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy | One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

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